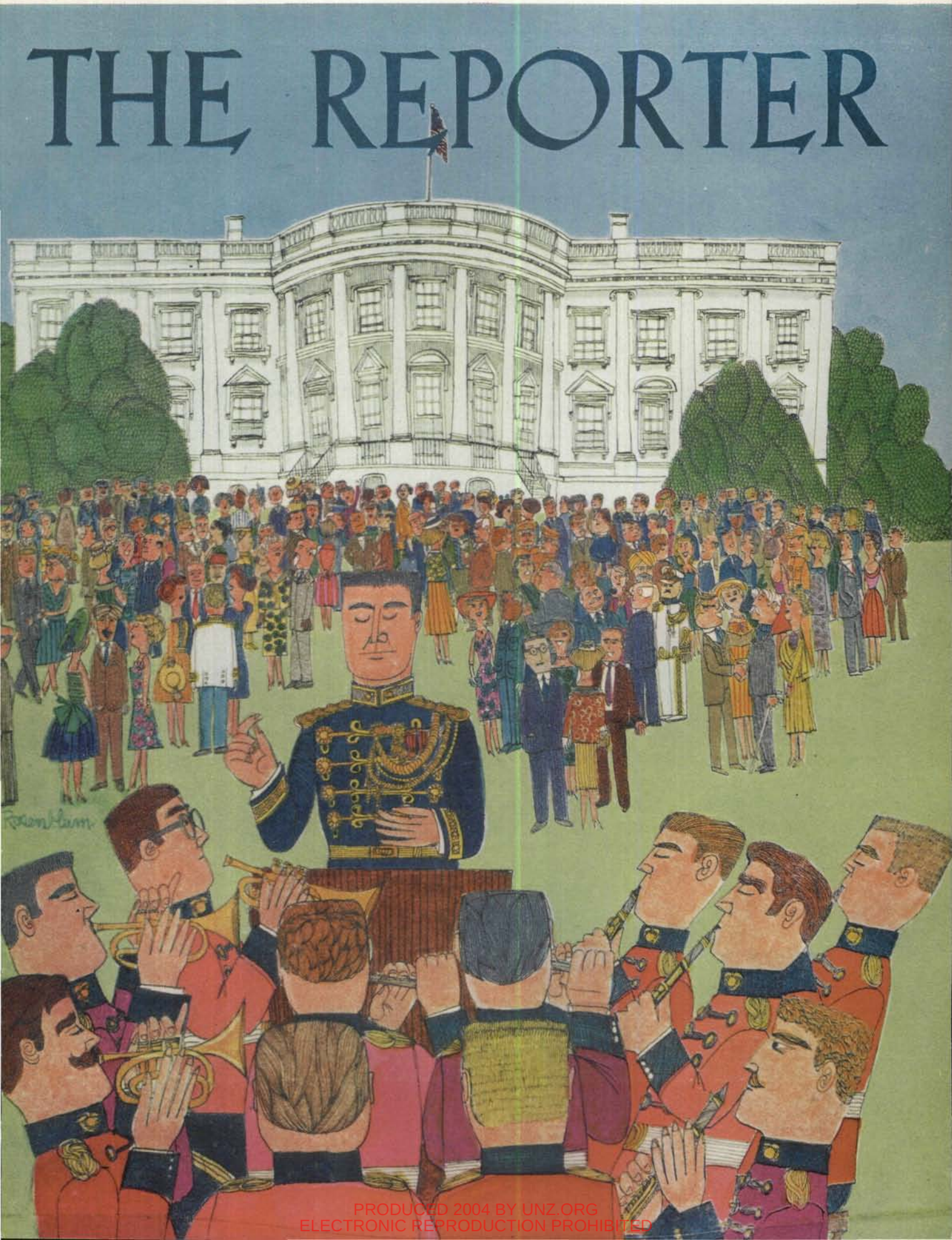
THIS CIVIL CONFLICT

July 4, 1963 35¢

THE REPORTER



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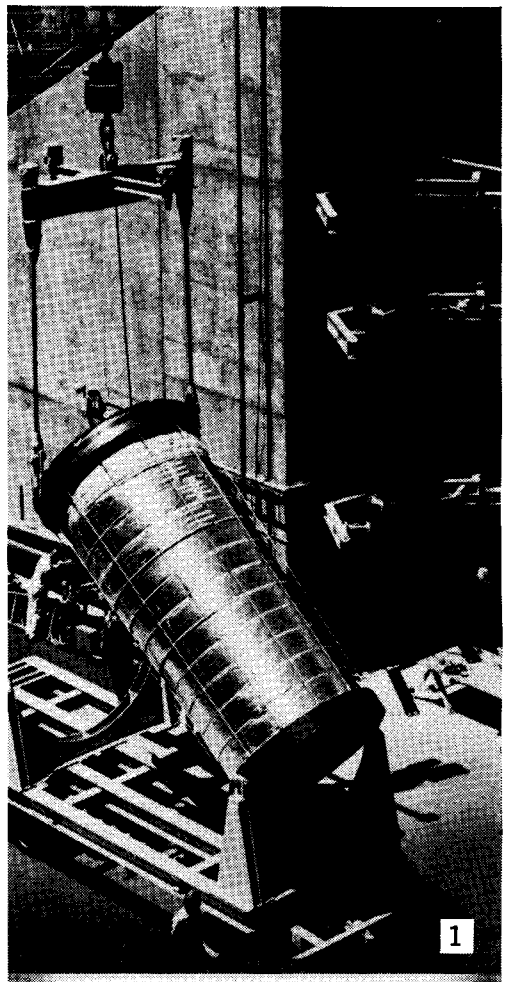
STATE-OF-THE-ART REPORT ON SOLID PROPELLANT ROCKET MOTOR DEVELOPMENT AT UTC

Dramatic refinements in solid rocket motor technology during the past few years have greatly increased their usefulness. High-performance solid propellants, segmented motors, extended duration nozzles, thrust vector control, lightweight fiberglass casings, and simultaneous ignition of solid propellant clusters have all been successfully demonstrated — in the past 18 months — at United Technology Center. Current rocket motor programs at UTC apply the simplicity and reliability of these improved motors to such uses as giant boosters, upper-stage components, retro- and sounding rockets, and "hi-G" assignments for anti-missile weaponry.

■ UTC pioneered the concept of large segmented solid propellant booster motors, and is prime contractor for the first stage of USAF Titan III C, the Standardized Space Launch Vehicle. Together, the two 120-inch segmented solid propellant motors which make up this booster stage will generate lift-off thrust of over 2 million pounds — more than 80% of the vehicle's total thrust. Identical motors, fired in larger clusters, could achieve the very large lift-off capability required for any space mission now planned for this decade.

■ Research and development programs at UTC — company funded and contractual — cover a broad spectrum of propulsion: solid and storable liquid propellant rockets, and hybrids.

The company's facilities, production capacity, organizational experience, and backup by United Aircraft Corporation equip United Technology Center to handle a variety of advanced propulsion assignments.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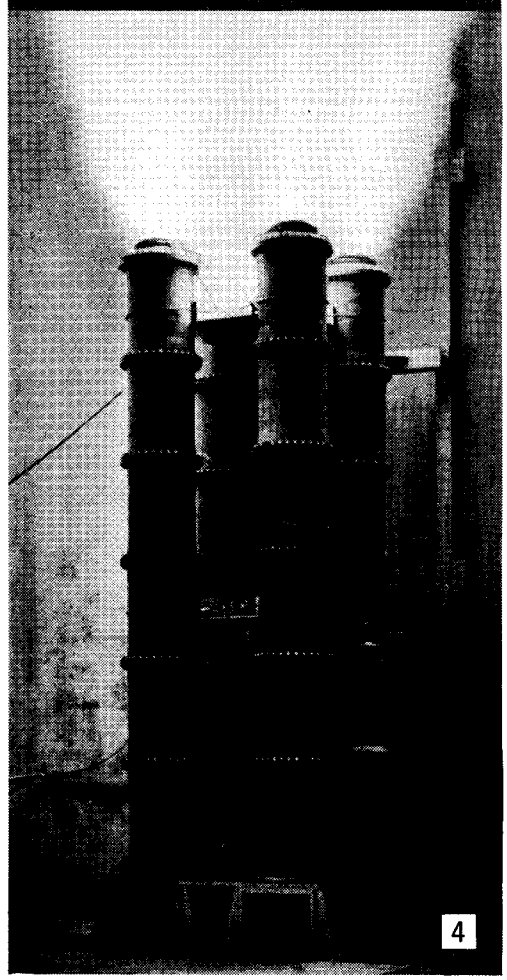
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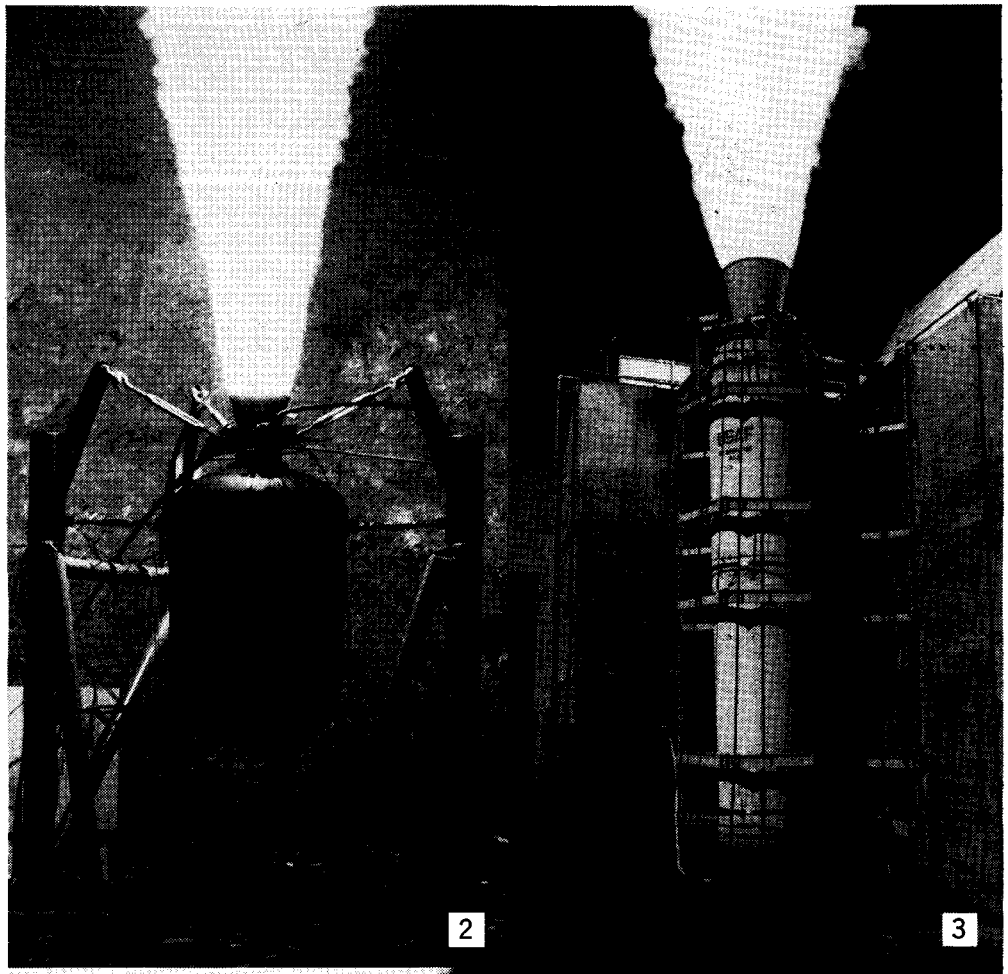

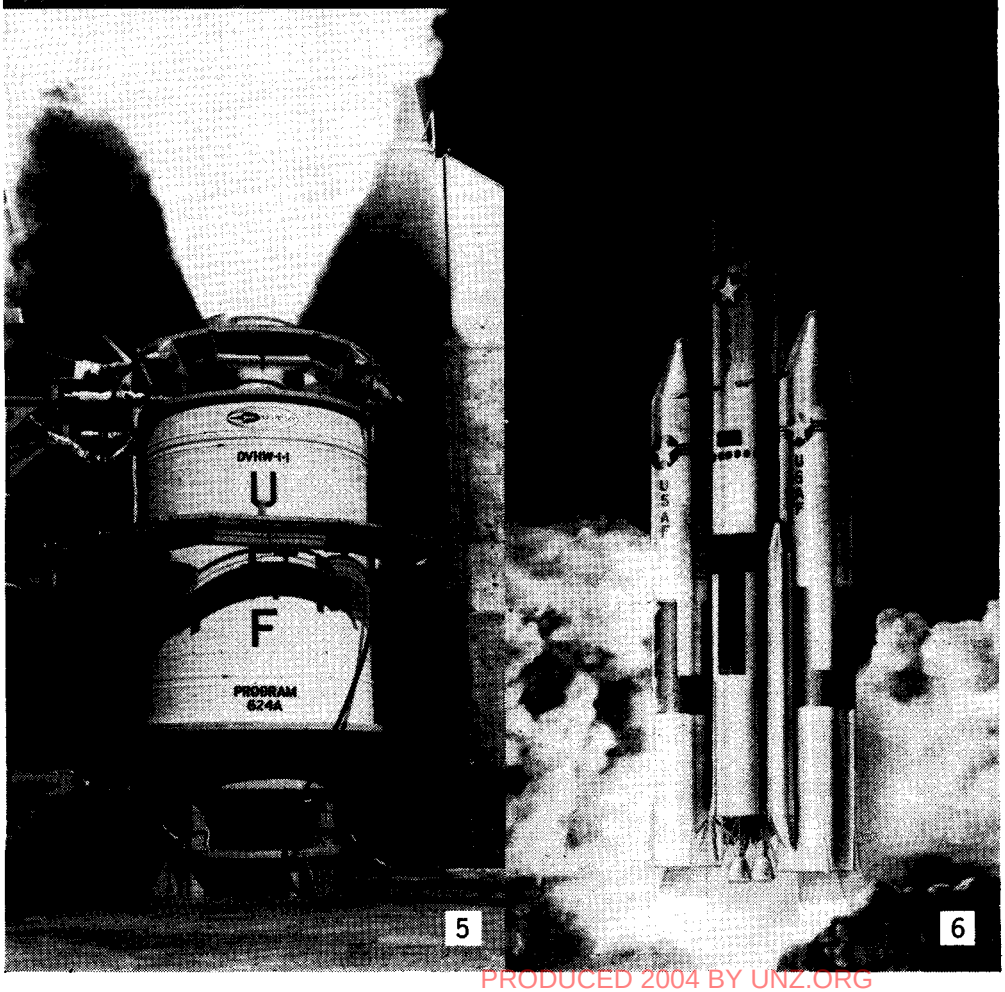

1. Segmented solid rocket motor. The concept of large, segmented, solid propellant boosters, first advanced by UTC in 1958, has been brought to reality at the company's Coyote development center. Here, giant test bays have capacities up to 4,000,000 pounds of thrust.

2. Early feasibility test firings demonstrated the efficiency of UTC's unique clevis joint, key to the development of reliable segmented solid propellant rockets. Subsequent tests included the nation's first practical segmented fiberglass cased motors.

3. Company Funded R & D overcame intitial problems of large segmented solid propellant boosters: core design, exit nozzles, and thrust vector control. Test of USAF 35-ton motor verified UTC's preliminary results.

4. Clustered Solid Propellant Motors fired by UTC demonstrated simultaneity of ignition far exceeding manned launch specifications. Clusters of large solids can provide tens of millions of pounds thrust.

5. First 120-Inch Motor fired under USAF Program 624A produced peak thrust of 250,000 pounds during two-minute firing. Single-segmented test is first step in UTC's Titan III C development program.

6. USAF Titan III C. The first stage of this Standardized Space Launch Vehicle, consisting of two five-segment solid propellant rocket motors, 120 inches in diameter, will give this vehicle more than 2 million pounds of thrust at lift-off. It will orbit multi-ton payloads to low and medium altitudes.

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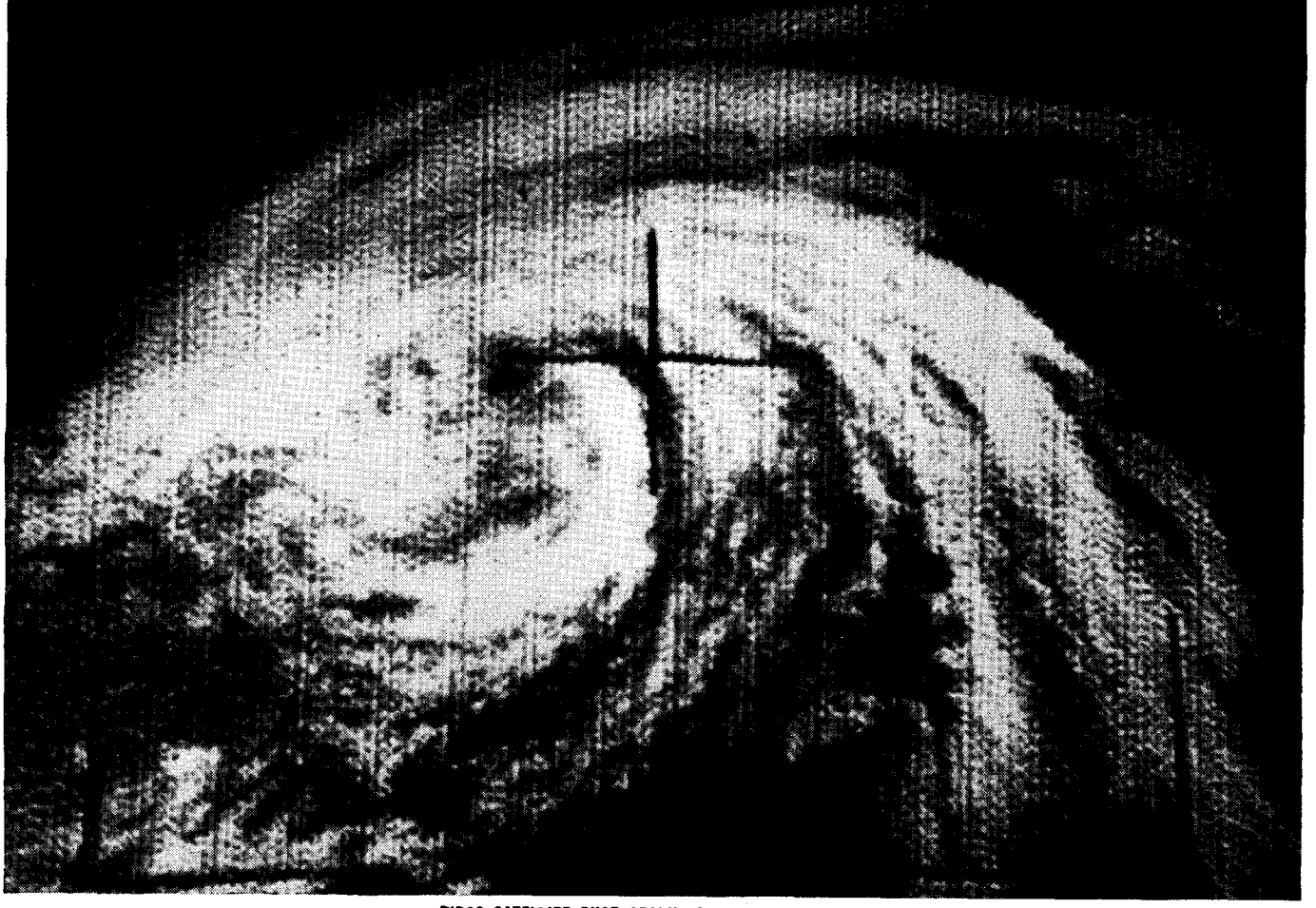

TIROS SATELLITE PHOTOGRAPH of a typhoon in the Pacific Ocean shows huge pinwheeling system of white clouds. Photo was taken from a height of 450 miles; cross in center and angles at corners are reference points.

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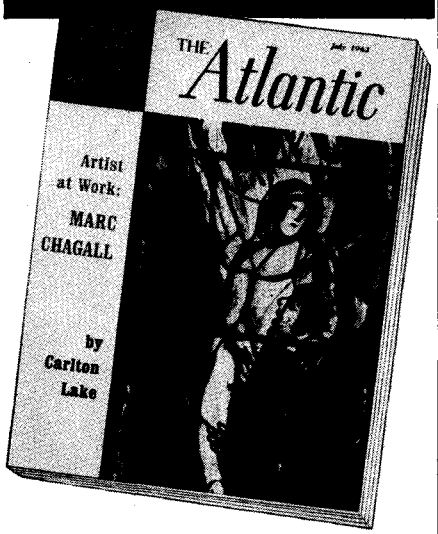

IN the past five years artist Marc Chagall has found a vibrant "new" medium in stained glass windows. "Art isn't something that's made for a museum. Art itself has the nature of a chapel, of something sacred, a sanctuary." Read Carlton Lake's animated, intimate portrait to see how Chagall paints, first on canvas, then on glass; what he says as he works, his estimate of Picasso, Matisse, and other artists. Illustrated by full-color reproductions of the artist's work — in the July ATLANTIC.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE JUST DEMANDS of Negroes for their rights as citizens must be heeded and satisfied promptly, but, as **Max Ascoli** points out in this issue, the rights of individuals can neither be denied nor won by mobs. Yet even as the full emancipation that Lincoln began seems within sight, there is a tragic increase of suspicion, rivalry, and animosity not only between whites and Negroes but also among the militant Negroes themselves and among those of other races who would support the Negro's cause.

What is needed at this hour more than anything is national leadership, but in this issue **Barbara Carter** describes the tension existing between two agencies of our government directly responsible for the protection and extension of civil rights. . . . This civil conflict is certainly not confined to the Deep South, and we offer reports on three communities, in states that never left the Union, where more or less token progress for the Negro is apparently being made at great and surely needless cost. The latest article in this magazine by **Spencer Klaw,** a New York free-lance writer, also had to do with a revolutionary influence on American Schools ("What Can We Learn from the Teaching Machines?", July 19, 1962). It has recently won a National School Bell Award. . . . **Hannah Lees'** latest report from her native Philadelphia might serve as useful background reading for her present contribution; it was called "The Non-Buying Power of Philadelphia's Negroes" and appeared in our issue of May 11, 1961. . . . **Wendell P. Bradley** is a Maryland correspondent on the Washington *Post.*

"PEACE," President Kennedy said in the commencement address at American University, is "the necessary rational end of rational men . . . . we have no more urgent task." But the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, created by the President to deal with this task full time, is perhaps the least effective agency in our government. The reason, as explained by **Laurence W. Martin,** who has been following disarmament matters as a research associate of the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research of Johns Hopkins University, is that ACDA has to deal not only with resistance and suspicion in the Soviet Union but also with a pervasive lack of confidence in Washington in its long-term policy methods, with rivalry over its role in problems that also concern the State Department and the Pentagon, and with a serious morale problem among a staff that feels its goals are remote and its influence on policy is negligible. . . . The drought has ended in Iowa, reports **Drake Mabry,** of the Des Moines *Register and Tribune* staff. On July 4, one of the last strongholds of Prohibition will fall as Iowa saloons begin serving hard liquor across the bar. The issue helped give Iowa a Democratic governor and produced one of the state's liveliest legislative battles. . . . The news that Russia has sent nearly a thousand military advisers to the revolutionary government of Yemen adds a new urgency to Britain's efforts to form a federation of Aden and the small sheikdoms under British protection adjoining Yemen. If the effort fails, according to **Jeanne Contini,** an American writer who reports from both sides of the Red Sea, the vital British installations in Aden may be lost to the West.

BETWEEN the wars two novelists, writing in French, produced fresh and intensely lyrical accounts of peasant life. C. F. Ramuz, the older and greater of the two, wrote about the mountain people of his native Canton de Vaud in Switzerland. He died in 1947. Jean Giono still lives, writing one novel after another. **Madeleine Chapsal** tells how the Second World War put an end to his idyllic manner and led him into an entirely different field. Miss Chapsal, a frequent contributor from Paris, has recently written the narrator's commentary in the French film *Mourir à Madrid.* . . . The poem in this issue is by **M. L. Rosenthal,** a professor at New York University and the author of *A Primer of Ezra Pound* (Macmillan) and more recently of *The Modern Poets: A Critical Introduction* (Oxford University). . . . **Glenn M. Loney** reports on the way opera is given at the Bayreuth and Munich summer festivals. Mr. Loney teaches in the department of speech and theatre at Brooklyn College. . . . The review of Richard Hofstadter's much-discussed book is by **Kenneth S. Lynn,** a member of the faculty at Harvard and the author of *Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).... **Nat Hentoff** is the author of *Peace Agitator: The Story of A. J. Muste* (Macmillan), and is currently working on a book on race relations.

Our Fourth of July cover is by **Richard Rosenblum.**

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CORRESPONDENCE

BIRMINGHAM

To the Editor: Vincent Harding ("A Beginning in Birmingham," *The Reporter*, June 6) captures more of the feeling of responsible Southerners and Northerners, both Negro and white, than any writer on the current situation I have encountered. The American capacity for sanity and moderation and good will lies deep under the rioting and bitterness; it will prevail, and it is good to see it granted recognition.

RUTH M. GORDON
Delmar, New York

To the Editor: Seldom in my long memory have I been privileged to read a more deeply moving account of the struggles of a greatly wronged and troubled race than that written by Vincent Harding. Himself a Negro, Mr. Harding has presented us all with a shining example of Christian forbearance and fairness to both races, combined with an objectivity that only serves to deepen the imprint of his superb reporting and literary gift.

His article, so quietly told, merits a lasting place in the history of the epic revolution we are witnessing.

LOUISE HURLBUTT DE WETTER
Keene, New Hampshire

To the Editor: In its own magnificent way John Wilson's cover on your June 6 issue has captured the intensity, the strength (yes, even the sorrow and pain) of a people stigmatized by darkness. Yet one feels a sense of hope, a rekindled desire for justice, in this stunning portrait. Though the darkness of the shadows predominates, hopefully the light sought will be found and maintained. Until that time, we as brothers must all suffer the agony of an unfulfilled humanity.

ROBERT W. UPHAUS
Los Angeles

CHICAGO

To the Editor: Elinor Richey's candid exploration of urban renewal in Chicago (*The Reporter*, May 23) is encouraging. To date it has been primarily a transfer of desirable land from use by mostly Negro poor to use by mostly white middle-class people. There has not been adequate provision for the displaced poor, and new slums are being created faster than the old are eradicated.

The argument that once valuable land in the central city should be restored to its highest use has been offered to justify these massive dislocations. But in practice the problem of slums is not being resolved; it is merely being transferred to new locales. In an open housing market, perhaps, dislocated persons might find adequate housing in communities with good prospects for stability. But rigid residential segregation as described by Miss Richey largely precludes this.

Ironically, the selection of middle-class Negroes for participation in redevelopment benefits has tended to neutralize the most logical source of leadership for restrained protest against this potentially explosive racial expulsion. A new kind of leadership is rapidly occupying the vacuum, however, with portentous implications for the Negro power structure and the existing order of race relations in Chicago.

CHARLES A. DAVIS
Chicago

To the Editor: Urban renewal is neither a panacea nor a conspiracy. It is an experimental tool for salvaging and rehabilitating older urban neighborhoods threatened with deterioration and decay. In Hyde Park-Kenwood, urban renewal has another dimension. It aspires, in the words of the Hyde Park-Kenwood Community Conference, to create "a stable interracial neighborhood of high standards." Admittedly, this program will not bring about Utopia. It will not end segregation in Chicago. It will not solve all the housing problems of low-income urban residents. It may not even inspire sculptors to create works of art. But it is nevertheless worth doing.

If the program succeeds—and most of us in Hyde Park-Kenwood believe that it is succeeding—it will be a pilot demonstration that segregation is neither necessary nor inevitable. It will demonstrate that there are better responses to racial change than flight or violence. It will show that an integrated neighborhood can be a good neighborhood.

One may consider the alternative to urban renewal. Hyde Park-Kenwood is a community of some 65,000 people, about equally divided between Negroes and whites, and containing many older buildings that are readily converted into slums. Virtually every informed observer believes that if deterioration had been permitted to continue, the entire area would have become a segregated slum, another extension of the Negro ghetto. This would hardly have served the cause of integration. It would certainly not have relieved the shortage of decent housing for low-income Negroes. It would merely have given additional ammunition to those who think that the 1917 segregation policy of the Chicago Real Estate Board was right.

Of course, anyone is entitled to be skeptical of urban renewal. One may, if one chooses, regard it as an anti-Negro plot. Chicago's Hyde Park-Kenwood experiment, however, is of sufficient importance, particularly to Negroes, to deserve more responsible reporting than it received in "Splitsville, U.S.A."

The statement that "the admission of a hundred professional-class Negro families to Hyde Park's urban renewal housing appears to be the replacement for the fourteen thousand Negroes who were evicted" is simply not true. The facts are well known.

Urban renewal in Hyde Park has undergone two phases. The first was a slum-clearance program in southeast Hyde Park, which was an almost entirely white sector. Deteriorated residential properties and marginal commercial establishments have been replaced with modern town houses and apartments. This development has brought into this sector, for the first time, a substantial number of Negro families. It is not a low-income sector and was not intended to be, but the present residents, white and nonwhite, live together as neighbors without self-consciousness. Color has become unimportant. This, it seems to most of us, is integration at its best.

The second phase of urban renewal is still in the making. About twenty per cent of the remaining areas has been cleared. Eighty per cent still stands. Most of the residential structures that were demolished were slums—and very noxious slums, too. (It is news to me that buildings "of brick construction" cannot be a slum.) They were occupied by a transient population of low-income individuals and families. The majority were Negroes. Most of those who were relocated by public authority to standard housing improved their living conditions. Some sound residences were also demolished because of planning and school requirements. These were almost entirely occupied by middle- and upper-income whites, long resident in the neighborhood. The implication that clearance was determined by race is unfounded.

Redevelopment of the cleared areas has yet to be accomplished. The only residential redevelopment that has been completed is a subsidized housing project for elderly persons, mostly Negro, whose income is just above the public housing level.

In the area as a whole, the racial ratio appears to have been stabilized; for several years it has been fifty per cent Negro and fifty per cent white. Since redevelopment must offer housing on a nondiscriminatory basis, it is unlikely that this ratio will change.

It is not true that "the Negro electorate contributed strongly to the defeat" of the 1962 urban-renewal bond issue. It was the white property owner, not the Negro, who voted against urban renewal. The bonds were decisively approved in every predominantly Negro area.

The Negroes of Chicago appear to understand urban renewal better than do some of those who assume to speak for them.

EDWIN A. ROTHSCHILD
Chicago

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

This Civil Conflict

There has been talk of revolution, of war—civil war, of course—all through these weeks and months in which the race issue has been fast turning into the gravest in the internal life of the nation. As this crisis is going to remain with us for a stretch of time of which no sane person can foresee the length, we all should be careful in the terms we use—particularly if we want solutions that may prove enduring and right. This is not a plea for semantics, but for sanity. We have nothing but respect for men like Martin Luther King, who keep repeating *now*. Indeed, we think that these men should insist on the *now*, lest we slumber back into complacency. But if that *now* is to be reached, we must know that a hard pull is needed, and a carefully-thought-out division of labor among all those, North and South, who care for the Negro cause—and for America.

How can the attainment for all citizens of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution be called a revolution? Or should we consider as revolutionary the effort on the part of the national government to provide underprivileged young people with enough education and enough opportunity to work so that they can develop the best that is in them Violent upheavals are unfortunately possible in our country. But should they occur, they would be aimless and brutish. It has been said *ad nauseam* that there is likely to be bloodshed. Should this horror come, it would be bloodshed for bloodshed's sake.

Riots do not make a revolution, even if they occur according to similar patterns and the pattern proves contagious. Mob clashes do not make a civil war, even if the side that is supposed to defend the law has guns, tear gas, and police dogs among the weapons at its disposal. Our country has had one civil war, horrible enough for both sides. What is happening now is that war's ultimate liquidation. The Union is not threatened. The program President Kennedy has launched is one designed to let the country have peace.

It is a long-range, many-sided program. Are there, perhaps, too many sides to it? Is it well balanced enough in tackling the rehabilitation of the Negroes from so many angles to give them support adequate to the obstacles they have to overcome? All these and many more questions—like "Why now, why not earlier?"—are not of much if any importance. The President has assumed his responsibility and asked Congress, the states, the local communities, the leaders of both parties and of both races to assume theirs.

The reason for the many-sided approach could not be more compelling. Education, the best that children can get, is important; but so are jobs, and the chance for unskilled workers to develop whatever latent potentiality may be in them; and so is housing; and so is the right to vote. We should have learned by now that no one of these different aims—and many more could be mentioned—can be pursued as an end in itself. This has been true for every one of the racial and social groups that have made our nation. Each of them has reacted differently to the opportunities offered by American society. Some have developed a singular proficiency in politics, some in business or in scholarship; a number of them, at least for a time during a first period of assimilation, have prospered in the underworld, and then moved up. None of them has established what might be called a monopoly on any particular form of social activity. This is America.

The cliché used to describe these extraordinary phenomena is, of course, "melting pot." The Israelis, who are making a new nation composed of people coming from even

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more nations than ours, are fond of saying that their country is not a melting pot but a pressure cooker. What our Negroes want is to be integrated into American society according to the pressure-cooker treatment. This is also what the President aims at in his program.

This aim of our Negroes, it must be added, does not come only from their awareness of their separateness and of their backwardness. It has become compelling for them and for all of us because of the differences in culture and in attainments that for several decades have been developing among black people themselves. The first Negroes who articulated the conscience of their race are called Uncle Toms now—people like Booker T. Washington, for instance.

One of the young and most aggressive Negro leaders, Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League, has said that the awakening of our Negroes started from the moment books were put into their hands. Those who provided the first books should not be forgotten today. Neither should we forget the genuine leaders who have given the Negroes the awareness of the rights that must become theirs—people like Judge Thurgood Marshall, for instance. Nothing is more reprehensible in our days than the undue attention paid to submarginal extremist characters—like the advocates of Negro apartheid. To listen to some people, it has been the fear of those maniacs that made the President launch his civil-rights proposals. We have too much respect for the President to believe that an action of such magnitude could have been motivated by fear.

THE WEEKS and the months ahead are going to be hard indeed for the President and for the nation, now that the many-sided attack on the solution of the Negro problem has been launched. It would be much better if the only obstacle were represented by rabble rousers or fanatics. Unfortunately, there are also men of good will, misguided men unable to free themselves from uncritically accepted prejudices and delusions. But this is one more reason for keeping our nerves under control, and all our capacity for

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And we must have the greatest sympathy for the genuine leaders the Negroes have already contributed to American life. These men want equality for themselves and for their race, which means that they want each Negro to be considered on his own merits as a human being. Yet to achieve this goal, these men have to accentuate the difference between people with black skins and the rest of the Americans. Whatever individuality they possess must be spent entirely for their race, in a sort of self-imposed segregation, as long as their race is considered inferior. One must add, however, that by remaining inextricably tied to their race, these men render a service to the nation as a whole. They are Americans, operating at the critical point where America most needs to be defended.

—MAX ASCOLI

Capital Offense

Capital letters are weeds in the editorial garden. A couple of years ago, we decided that the heavy growth of Governors, Sheiks, City Councils, and Ministries was making our copy look as if it had been written in German or at least by Thomas Carlyle. A clean-up was ordered, and we began with a ukase on the use of upper-case letters for jobs: the only one that was to be capitalized was that of the President. Clear enough. But problems arose right away. What about the vice-president? Wouldn't that look a little funny? After all, he is only one heartbeat away ... So we let him into the club. While we were about it we decided to avoid any confusion that might arise from referring to, say, Mr. Rusk as "the secretary"; somebody might think the typists were running the State Department. We have not been able to hold the line even at the cabinet level. If Washington has a State Department, our British correspondents protest, why shouldn't London have a Foreign Office? And a Foreign Secretary for that matter? But in that event, why shouldn't each and every one of the new African states have a Minister for Tribal Affairs? The next thing you know, Senators, Deputy Assistant Under Secretaries, Emirs, and even Sergeants are cropping up all over. It's a garden that takes constant weeding, and the task often seems hopeless.

One vexing typographical problem came to the fore in the preparation of this very issue you are reading, and frankly we are not at all satisfied with our decision to solve it by simply doing what every other publication in America does. On nearly half of the pages that follow, you will find people called Negroes registering demands that are either acceded to or rebuffed by people called whites. Why? Equality at the lunch counter is one thing, but why should Negroes be given preferential treatment at the printing plant?

All the dictionaries and style books to which we have referred simply confirm that, on the printed page at least, Negroes are up and whites are down, but none of them told us why. In *Supplement One* of Mencken's *American Language*, however, you can get the whole story. To begin with, things were not always as they are. It took work to produce today's typographical anomaly. Back in 1913, Lester Agler Walton, a journalist who later became envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Liberia, undertook what he himself described as a "movement for capitalization of *N* in *Negro*." The day of victory came on March 7, 1930, when the New York *Times* capitulated, declaring that " ... a people who had once a proud designation such as Ethiopians, reaching back into the dawn of history, having come up out of the slavery to which men of English speech subjected them, should now have such recognition as the lifting of the name from the lower case to the upper can give them ... It is a little thing mechanically to grant, but it is not a small thing in its implications."

Mencken reports that there was jubilation in the Negro press, although a week later, George S. Schuyler, a columnist for the Pittsburgh *Courier*, entered a dissent:

"It really doesn't matter a tinker's damn whether *Negro* is spelled with a small or large *N*, so far as the Negro's economic, political and cultural status is concerned ... The

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truth is that the American Negro is an amalgam of Caucasian, Amerindian and African, there being but 20 per cent 'pure,' and those are the only ones entitled to the term Negro when used as a descriptive adjective. Geographically, we are neither Ethiopians or Africans, but Americans. Culturally, we are Anglo-Saxons. Used as a noun, the term is therefore a designation of a definite social caste, an underdog, semiserf class which believes it is dignifying its status by a capitalization of the term by which it is called and recognized. This is the same thing as arguing that an imbecile is somewhat ennobled by spelling the word with a capital *I* or that a convict has his status improved by spelling the word with a capital *C*. Lifting *Negro* from the lower case to the upper typographically does not in the least elevate him socially. As a matter of fact, it fits right in with the program of racial segregation."

We are inclined to agree. And although we must confess our timidity in observing the foolish consistency that is surely the hobgoblin of little minds, we fervently look forward to the day when all American citizens will be less sensitive about their purely superficial differences as whites or negroes.

Summer Replacement

As such favorites as *The Ed Sullivan Show* and *Sing Along with Mitch* go off the air for the summer or rerun old shows, the home screen will be aglow with the impoverished entertainment known as "summer replacements," of which Geoffrey T. Hellman once wrote, "Summer replacements, some are not." Leading off the season, all the networks have announced a spate of travelogue "specials" starring President Kennedy and a supporting cast not yet fully assembled. They will be filmed in dynamic Rome, tense Berlin, a London agog with romance, and for the climax, the Ould Sod of Erin, where we may expect to see the President receiving bouquets from delegations of Fitzgeralds and Kennedys, watching jigs and reels, and possibly getting a booster shot at the Blarney Stone. "Meanwhile," as they say, "back at the ranch . . ."

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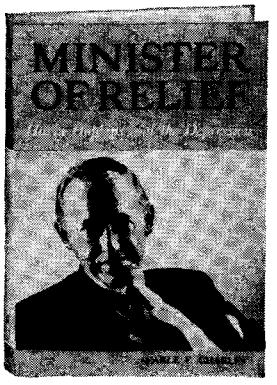

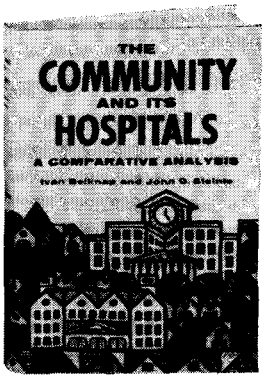

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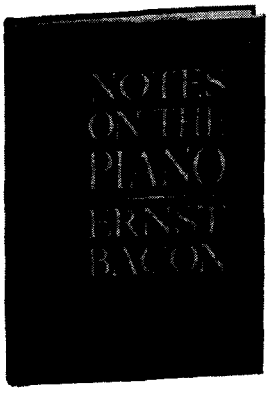

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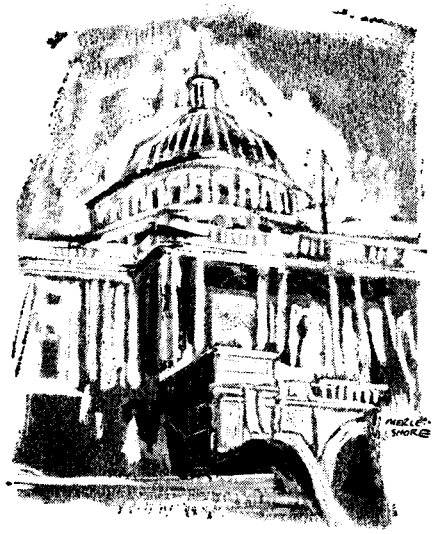

The Role of the Civil Rights Commission

BARBARA CARTER

On April 17, a surprising story appeared in the New York *Times*. "President Urged to Cut Off Funds for Mississippi," the headlines read. "Action to Halt 'Breakdown of Law and Order' Urged by Civil Rights Commission."

The President immediately took issue with the idea. "I don't have the power to cut off the aid in a general way," he argued, "and I think it would probably be unwise to give the President of the United States that kind of power." Officially rebuked, the commission turned to face the mounting protest to its suggestion in the days that followed with as much dignity as it could muster. Criticism, of course, from Mississippi was to be expected. "Meddling of busybodies," said Senator Stennis. "Most monstrous libel," said Senator Eastland. "The motel crowd" was the touch added by Congressman John Bell Williams.

Throughout the country the press competed for substitutes for "silly," "absurd" and "shocking." "Tub-Thumpers," came from the Casper, Wyoming, *Tribune & Star*, "Fascistic Civil Righters," from the Richmond, Virginia, *Times-Dispatch*, and "Woodshed punishment," from the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. Hodding Carter noted ungraciously that "some smart aleck who didn't know what he was talking about was behind that." And the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger* and *Daily News* took space "to commend the vast majority of the nation's press," on what may very well have been its first occasion to do so on the matter of civil rights.

The proposal was not altogether without support, however. Roy Wilkins of the NAACP pointed out that his organization and thirty-five others "heartily" endorsed it (they had, in fact, made a similar recommendation two years earlier), and several senators, including Republicans Kenneth Keating and Jacob Javits of New York and Democrat Philip Hart of Michigan, announced that they were either preparing legislation or asking for Executive action to further the idea.

But most seemed to agree with James Reston of the *Times* that "Mississippi Needs Help, Not Federal Fund Ban," and many supported his argument that the state should be treated like an underdeveloped country and given development grants and technical assistance and a "cataract of teachers, technicians, and industrialists."

Reston's suggestion echoed an earlier one by the Civil Rights Commission itself. In a 1961 study of twenty-one Southern black-belt counties, the commission had found that segregation was just as much a fact of life where Negroes voted as it was where they did not; though the few counties where Negroes could vote were for the most part better off economically, voting alone brought "few meaningful differences." The commission suggested then that the key to voting rights and better race relations might be economic progress. It recommended at that time more agricultural aid to the black-belt areas undergoing change, more Small Business Administration loans to help diversify their economy, and more assistance in training and relocating farm families—all to "promote the kind of economic climate that encourages better race relations." Thus the commission's newest proposal seemed to contradict its own earlier suggestions.

Misreported and Misunderstood

It turns out, however, that the Civil Rights Commission had never meant to suggest that all Federal funds be withdrawn from Mississippi, or that any funds going to individuals such

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as Social Security or welfare payments should be cut off. "We were misreported," Berl Bernhard, the commission's staff director, told me. "Even our friends misunderstood."

"If we had just underlined the words 'consider' and 'explore,'" one of the commissioners said, pointing out the difficulties involved in drafting a statement by "six people widely separated geographically" who didn't always agree. Three of the commissioners, Robert G. Storey of Southern Methodist, Robert S. Rankin of Duke, and Spottswood W. Robinson III of Howard, a Negro, are from the South. The remaining three, Erwin N. Griswold of Harvard, the Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh of Notre Dame, and the commission's chairman, John A. Hannah of Michigan State, are from the East or Middle West.

But even with underlining, it is easy to see how the report could have been misinterpreted. For while it did suggest that the President only "explore" his legal authority, it was his authority "to withhold funds" until the state "demonstrates its compliance with the Constitution" that was to be explored. And while it asked Congress and the President only to "consider" whether legislation was appropriate "to assure that Federal funds contributed by citizens of all States not be made available to any State which continues to refuse to abide by the Constitution," it seemed almost to give more importance to where the money came from than to how it was used. This, coupled with the flat statement that Mississippi received more than $650 million a year from the government, a figure that included Social Security payments, veterans' benefits, and military pay, certainly sounded as if all Federal funds were to be withheld—withheld, moreover, for an indefinite time. Who could determine *when* Mississippi had fully complied with the Constitution in every respect?

Yet, in all fairness, it must be said that nowhere did the report specifically recommend that *all* or any Federal funds to the state be immediately cut off. Three times before, however, in its six-year life, the fact-finding agency had quietly recommended withholding funds in specific programs—library services, research grants, and half the aid to education—until some compliance was reached, without causing a nation-wide protest.

"The report was not intended to be punitive," Bernhard explained. "After all, the commissioners are intelligent and sensitive men, and aware of the limitations to the President's power." What they had in mind was a program-by-program review of Federal money going to the state, particularly grants-in-aid and matching funds, to make sure that Federal money was not being used to foster or encourage discrimination. Such a review would provide a "leverage for bargaining," which in turn might "stimulate the business community to co-operate." The Federal government could also exercise discretion on where to locate new projects, and thus get "a minimum agreement on how a state

will treat its citizens." The bargaining would be handled quietly; and even in situations where there was no compliance, "cutting off funds in grant programs would be the ultimate sanction." As an example of what was meant, Bernhard told of the success in getting a new Veterans Administration hospital to open in Jackson on a partially desegregated basis several years ago because the Federal government had insisted then that its funds could not be used to help out otherwise.

UNLIKE other reports prepared by the commission, this one had to be brought together in a hurry, and was as much the result of irritation with the Attorney General as with events in Mississippi. Understandably, its quality was somewhat different from that of the commission's usual lengthy reports. In October, 1962, the commission had scheduled hearings to be held in the state, but by December it had been forced three times to postpone them at the request of Robert Kennedy. The hearings were to be on a broad scale, covering discrimination in voting rights, discrimination in the schools, economic reprisals against Negroes, and the impact of various Federal programs in the state. But the Attorney General felt that the "timing" was bad. Criminal-contempt proceedings were pending against Governor Ross Barnett, just to cite one case, and the commission reluctantly agreed that hearings might prejudice or hamper the work of the Justice Department in the state.

But on March 21, when the President was asked in a news conference if he felt the Mississippi hearings should be delayed any longer, he answered "No," and went on to say: "any time, any hearing that they feel advances the cause or meets their responsibility which has been entrusted to them by the law, then they should go ahead and hold it." Several of the commissioners felt that the green light had at last been given. But before setting a date, the careful staff director checked first with the Justice Department. "I continue to hold the view," Robert Kennedy replied stiffly in a letter on March 26, "that a public hearing in Mississippi by the Civil Rights Commission would not be appropriate."

"This the commission took very hard," Commissioner Griswold said later in his office at Harvard Law School. "We had to get the responsibility for not having the hearings back to the administration, where it belonged." At the time, Dean Griswold explained, "A great many very bad things were happening in Mississippi and the government was not doing anything appreciable about it. People were being shot at, the home of one of our state advisory committee members was bombed, another member had been jailed, and so on. We got the usual statements, 'We're looking into it,' but nothing was done. After the President made his TV speech during the crises at Oxford, he seemed to wash his hands of the matter."

Two days after the Attorney Gen-

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eral forbade them, as Dean Griswold put it, to hold the hearings, the commissioners attended a two-day hearing in Indianapolis, and there immediately drafted their report. Dean Griswold himself was not present but was called on the telephone, and the report was circulated for polishing and checking. When it was issued, less than three weeks later, it quoted from the Attorney General's letter of refusal after first setting forth the alarming account of citizens being "shot, set upon by vicious dogs, beaten and otherwise terrorized . . . Even children, at the brink of starvation . . . deprived of assistance . . ." The Attorney General's finding that the time was "not appropriate" for a hearing seemed inadequate indeed.

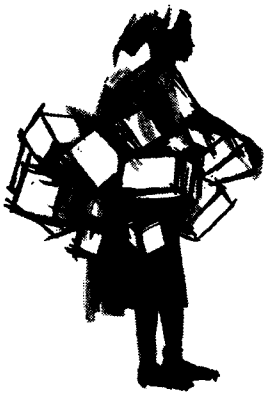
Is Justice Blind?

To the commission it looked as if the Justice Department was concerned only with voting rights, to the exclusion of other equally important areas, and that its Civil Rights Division was solely intent on pushing its attack, case by case, with maddening slowness, through a bumpy terrain defended by Southern judges. Moreover, it seemed that Robert Kennedy was jealous of his domain in the field of civil rights, and overconcerned that credit should go not only where it was due but where it would do the most good for the administration. The commission, after all, is an independent agency, and was set up in 1957 under Eisenhower.

"I would like it," Dean Griswold said, "if greater co-operation could be developed between us. We're both on the same team. We can do some things they can't do. At times, there is a sense of competition, a fear that we'll interfere, or maybe that we'll get some credit. I'm not interested in credit, or in competition."

"Time after time," one of the commission's staff said, "I find myself defending the Department of Justice. Of course, they have valid reasons for their actions. And I must say, whenever I run across the Department of Justice personnel in the field, I am damned impressed. But, with all kinds of compassion, I'd say, 'Be a little braver, boys.' " Words such as "overprotective," "hypersensitive," and even "patriarchal" were used by commission staff members in analyzing the Department of Justice.

In the lower echelons of the Justice Department, rather unkind things can also be heard about the Civil Rights Commission. "Don't quote me," I was told, "but they've outlived their mandate. They've got all the facts they set out to collect, and they don't know what to do next to keep in business." But Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach's comments about the commission are not so blunt. "They're very unhappy over there," he said sympathetically. "They say things are not going fast enough, and maybe they're right. Things had better be solved, and relatively fast. But it's a difficult process to speed up, particularly in Mississippi. In other places, we've been making progress remarkably fast, and peacefully." He had seen the commission's latest



report, even before it was issued. "No, we didn't try to stop it. I did make suggestions, however. I said it used too many plurals." He referred to the part about citizens being shot and ministers being assaulted. "Often they just had two examples, but it sounded like thirty a day. The problem is real," Katzenbach continued. "The events did occur, and I don't want to minimize their seriousness, but the commission overdramatizes. It's better to be specific.

"Their approach is somewhat of a do-it-or-else approach. It's not calculated to induce co-operation." In contrast, the Justice Department "tries to work quietly with people behind the scenes and head off situations. Time and again we've had success precisely because we haven't got publicity. Birmingham illustrates the difference. We don't point out, 'This mayor here has reformed now.' And we get results, although listing them in detail would put the finger on people. We've had quite a bit of luck in avoiding lawsuits, and it's an even chance now that the registrars will turn over their voting records on request and will start registering Negroes."

While the commission would not deny the value of the quiet approach, it might ask if the Justice Department's behind-the-scenes approach has not on occasion been used to cover up omissions as well as get results. The Civil Rights Division is woefully understaffed, and it is understandable how some cases could languish in the files. This situation obviously tends to create friction and breed suspicion.

ON CERTAIN POINTS, the department and the commission are simply in open disagreement. One is the value of hearings in Mississippi. Katzenbach, though "not really opposed," felt that "Hearings are most effective where they can reasonably be calculated to make decent citizens aware of things and want to do something about them. I'm not sure," he said, "that the decent elements are sufficiently organized in Mississippi to do that." The commission's work, he felt, would only be regarded with hostility and mistrust. And undoubtedly he felt that the Justice Department's work in Mississippi was far more important than any hearing and that matters of timing should be subservient to it. The commission, on the other hand, did think its hearings would be of some value, and reasoned, too, that they might relieve the Justice Department of some of the onus of initiating action. The facts would be presented publicly and the department would then seem to be forced to act.

Another point concerns suits brought against police brutality. "Why don't they bring more?" one of the commission's staff complained. "It seems they only bring a case when they're sure of winning."

"Sure we're reluctant to lose," Katzenbach agreed. "We do bring cases against police brutality, but we *have* to convict. They're very difficult to prove. Suppose you lost thirty suits. It wouldn't cut down police

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brutality, and it would give it license."

"Still, they ought to bring more," replied a commisson staff member. "It would demonstrate the inability to meet the need at the present time, and the need for different legislation."

At Odds with the President

Where the commission would like the Justice Department to move over and give it a little more room to operate in Mississippi, its argument with the President is just the opposite. The President, it appeared, moved only "situation by situation," as he said in his May 9 press conference, and, in pressing a balky Congress for new legislation, ignored his own powers to make effective his previous Executive orders in housing and employment or to issue new ones. The commission would be happier, it seemed, if the President were more involved than his brother. Though encouraged by the President's recent vigorous actions in the field of civil rights ("commendable" and "forthright" were Dean Griswold's adjectives), the commission feels the President can still do more, particularly in Mississippi. "When Kennedy dismissed our report," Dean Griswold remarked, "he said he had no powers, which wasn't accurate. Moreover, it creates a negative atmosphere and encourages people not to comply."

What the President actually said, however, was that he had no power to summarily cut off all Federal funds to Mississippi, which is true. But in the same news conference he said, "We shall continue not to expend Federal funds in such a way as to encourage discrimination," which is not true. And not true particularly in Mississippi, which gets more Federal benefits than any other state, if the large defense expenditures in Nevada and New Mexico are not counted.

Clyde Ferguson, the commission's general counsel, has been conducting an intensive study of Federal funds in Mississippi since last July. "We approached Mississippi," he said, "as if it were pitted against the Federal government, but the most striking thing we found was the *presence* of the Federal government, in its aid programs and other activities, throughout the state." Here are some of the things the commission was interested in:

¶ The school lunch program, supported by Federal funds, is in certain areas apparently administered on a discriminatory basis. In some counties where the Negro schoolchildren outnumber the white, a far greater proportion of the white children receive free school lunches.

¶ The Federal government spends an annual total of $91 million for 17,000 Federal employees in the state. Yet of the 3,800 post-office employees in the state only 134 were Negro, and of these only three, who worked in all-Negro post offices, earned more than $4,600 a year. Investigation of other Federal services would probably reveal comparable figures.

¶ Research grants from the Department of Health, Education and

Welfare and the Department of Agriculture are given only to white institutions in the state.

¶ The Federal government gives nearly $200,000 annually in matching funds for public libraries in Mississippi. Though the Library Service Act of 1956 requires that libraries getting aid must make their services "available to all residents" and specifically empowers the Commissioner of Education to withhold funds where there is "failure to comply," libraries in the state are segregated, and facilities for Negroes are either nonexistent or decidedly inferior.

¶ Federal training programs under the Manpower Development and Training Act have been operated on a segregated and unequal basis. Two of the three training centers in the state were for whites only. Negroes were offered training only as woodworking-machine operators, while the whites were offered a number of courses in skilled trades.

¶ Money from the Public Health Service was granted and funds from the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation have been approved for the new Convalescent and Rehabilitation Center for the mentally retarded at Ellisville. The facility there is not open to Negroes.

¶ The Federal Aviation Agency granted $2,180,000 for the construction of a jet airport in Jackson, undeterred by the fact that separate eating and rest-room facilities are part of the plan.

"Why in the world Federal money should be spent on such a building," Dean Griswold said, referring to the plans for the jet airport, "is more than I can understand. The President has since assured us that it will not be segregated, but why should we pay for the symbolism of going ahead on that basis?

"The purport and thrust of our report," Dean Griswold continued, "was that Federal money bolsters and encourages segregation, and that the President and Congress should explore their power to prevent it." If the commission's report were to have this effect, then perhaps it will deserve praise after all. Certainly one way to start a change in Mississippi would be to begin at the beginning and make sure at least that the government's own programs are not discriminatory. As the President said, "I don't think that we should extend Federal programs in a way which encourages or really permits discrimination. That's very clear."

A Need for Resourcefulness

It may require more finesse to win co-operation with new programs in the state. "This moon-rocket thing," Dean Griswold explained, referring to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's plans to build a $400-million moon-rocket engine test center in Mississippi. "If scientists tell us that there is a site in Mississippi superior to any site available, well, there's not much we

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can do. But if five sites, equally good, are available, then I think it's entirely in order for the President to select a different site. It isn't just punishment, but everybody knows how Mississippi discriminates. We wouldn't be able to employ any Negro carpenters or bricklayers, since none are in the unions there." He agreed that changing the site wouldn't help the Negroes any, but added that it wouldn't harm them either. His point was confirmed by a former member of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division who recently said: "I know well, for example, one Mississippi county where in the last decade seven industrial plants have been established. Not a single one of these factories employs a Negro."

The commission's general counsel noted that the retraining-program fiasco a year and a half ago provided another example of the difficulties involved in increasing technical aid to the state. At that time, a program to train 1,200 farm hands to drive tractors was about to be launched, and $435,000 of Federal money had been provided under the Area Redevelopment Act. Only a few days before the program was opened, however, the Delta planters who had drawn up the plan withdrew, and the whole thing was canceled. Though the training was desperately needed, the planters had had second thoughts about the advisability of accepting Federal funds. Fear of upsetting the racial status quo was the predominating motive, but there were also vague fears that the program would bring in a minimum wage or minimum housing standards in some unexplained way.

Reaching Mississippians and informing them of what can be expected as a result of Federal aid and what Federal aid can do will take a good measure of resourcefulness. Unfortunately, the newspapers in the state cannot be counted on to give constructive information about aid programs. When the commission issued its recent recommendations on Mississippi, for example, the editor of the Jackson *Daily News* itemized the funds he thought the President had been asked to cut off, and found on his list a million dollars in redevelopment programs. "We're not clear on this fund," he wrote, "but we'll make a deal. Mississippi will give it up if the Federal government will abolish the equally expensive Civil Rights Commission."

Whether the editor will ever get "clear" on redevelopment programs is difficult to say, but it is pretty sure he won't get his wish about the commission's demise. Although its term expires this fall, the President has asked that its life be extended for at least four years.

The commission would be the first to agree with the crack about its having "got all the facts it set out to collect," but not about its not knowing what to do next. "If fact finding were to continue to be the only function of the commission," one of its recent memorandums stated, "it might be preferable for the agency to be terminated." Instead, the time has come for action. "In many areas of Federal programs, the problem has not been the absence of policy so much as difficulties in implementing adequately existing rules and regulations requiring nondiscrimination."

Who should advise the government on "administrative techniques" that would carry out its presently ineffective regulations regarding nondiscrimination, and who should take on the broader role of guiding communities toward workable programs for civil-rights progress? The commission itself, not surprisingly, has stepped forward for the job, and it ought to be recalled that the idea for the agency first sprang from the Justice Department, which long ago recognized the need for an independent group to gather the facts and expose the patterns of injustice in the field.

In six years the commission has gained broad and valuable experience in analyzing civil rights, not only in voting but in education, housing, employment, and the administration of justice. A number of its recommendations have provided the basis for Congressional action or have been put into effect by Executive order. As the President has said, the commission "is now in a position to provide even more useful service to the nation."

Englewood, New Jersey: Visitors in the Classroom

SPENCER KLAW

In Englewood, New Jersey, as in many other Northern communities, Negroes have been expressing their concern and resentment over *de facto* segregation in the public schools. Englewood used to be referred to in the Sunday supplements as the bedroom of Wall Street, and it is still thickly populated by bankers, brokers, and insurance men who commute to work in Manhattan. But today more than a quarter of it 26,000 residents are Negroes, and in the last eighteen months a series of boycotts, mass meetings, sit-ins, and prayer meetings have served notice on the city's white leaders that they have a serious segregation problem on their hands.

The focus of discontent in Englewood's Negro community is the Lincoln Elementary School, a two-story brick building whose surroundings consist mainly of grimy bars, boarded-up stores, and sway-backed frame houses whose back yards are strewn with the remains of old automobiles. Dissatisfaction with Lincoln stems less from its dismal setting, however, than from the fact that its enrollment, like the population of Englewood's Fourth Ward in which it is located, has been ninety-nine per cent Negro. Some parents feel that this racial imbalance is so harmful that they took their children out of Lincoln in February and kept them out. These are the children who, on May 6, began a sit-in at another elementary school, Cleveland, just a mile away from Lincoln, where the enrollment

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is ninety-eight per cent white. On the second day of the sit-in, the Negro children, who range in age from five to twelve years, were told that they would not be permitted to enter the building. (On the first day, they got in before anyone realized what they were up to.) But when they sat down on the steps and announced that if they were kept out no other children would be allowed in either, the authorities relented. After that, the sitters were permitted to enter Cleveland each day as "unauthorized visitors." They attended classes, took part in discussions, played with their white hosts at lunchtime, and did the assigned homework—which, however, the teachers were instructed not to accept.

Parents of the visiting children claim that even in these somewhat strained circumstances the sit-ins learned more than they would have at Lincoln. This impression was borne out by a talk I had with a twelve-year-old visitor named Diceaus Toombs. He told me that the children at Cleveland seemed to know a lot more than those at Lincoln, and that consequently the class moved a lot faster. There were slow children in his class, he said, but the teacher, instead of giving up on them as the teachers tended to do at Lincoln, gave them a great deal of attention. "She *wants* the slow children to learn," he said. Diceaus added that he was particularly impressed by the fact that children at Cleveland seemed to like school so well that they were always bringing in special reports they had written on their own—something he said almost never happened at Lincoln.

A City on a Hill

No one in Englewood denies that children at Cleveland tend to know more than children at Lincoln. A team of investigators sent to Englewood last year by the New Jersey commissioner of education reported that standard achievement tests showed sixth-grade pupils at Lincoln to be two years behind sixth-graders at the city's other elementary schools. Nor does anyone question the fact that different family backgrounds have a lot to do with this disparity. Most white children in Englewood live in middle-class homes, and so do a great many Negro children. But there are likely to be pupils in every class at Lincoln whose parents are recent immigrants from the South who work as unskilled laborers and who in some cases can barely read and write.

The argument about Lincoln turns on whether it is true, as the state investigators suggested, that going to a segregated school—even if the segregation is not a result of gerrymandering but simply reflects the fact that the school serves a predominantly Negro neighborhood—is in itself psychologically harmful to Negro children. Many white residents dispute this notion, agreeing with Englewood's mayor, a forty-

two-year-old insurance man named Austin N. Volk, who has said that the fuss about Lincoln is mainly the work of troublemakers from outside the city bent on "distorting the image of Englewood into that of a Little Rock." This conception seems to be rather widely held by people who, like Volk, are identified with what Negro leaders refer to as the white power structure. William E. Fuller, president of the Englewood Taxpayers League, wrote not long ago: "If there is a 'problem' in Englewood today it is the result of a device of professional agitators and politicians who must create continual agitation to survive economically and professionally." They have picked on Englewood, Fuller told me, mainly for geographical reasons. "They can run over here from New York and agitate on weekends," he said.

By "they" Fuller was referring primarily to Adam Clayton Powell, who spoke recently at a civil-rights rally in Englewood, and to Paul Zuber, a New York lawyer who makes a specialty of handling school-segregation cases. Zuber has not only represented Lincoln School parents in several legal actions but has also acted from time to time as a spokesman for and co-ordinator of a coalition of local Negro leaders, known as the Englewood Movement, that has been directing the campaign for integration. A handsome, burly, eminently quotable man, Zuber has irritated many people, including some supporters of the Englewood Movement, by his verbal belligerence. In the course of a few days last August, for instance, he promised that Englewood would be turned into another Albany, Georgia; that a Negro boycott would be launched forthwith against white Englewood merchants, and that photographs would be taken of any Negro who defied it; and that unless the Reverend J. Isaiah Goodman, one of Englewood's leading Negro clergymen, would personally lead a boycott of Lincoln School when it opened in September (as it turned out, he didn't), "as God is my witness, I'm going to run him out of town."

None of these threats were carried out, and while Zuber has been made much of in the newspapers, it is unlikely that things would change very much in Englewood if he were to disappear completely from the scene. Moreover, it is not true, as Fuller maintains, that the only local people really worked up about segregation at Lincoln are a few Negro malcontents and an equally small number of white eggheads. Actually, Englewood's board of education itself put forward last summer a plan to reduce racial imbalance in the elementary schools; it was supported not only by the Englewood Movement, the Urban League, and the local chapters of the NAACP and CORE, but also by the League of Women Voters, Englewood's PTA Council, and the Englewood Ministerial Association. It had the support, too, of Vincente Tibbs, a Negro social worker who represents the Fourth Ward on the five-man

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city council. A short, mild-mannered man who graduated from Columbia University's New York School of Social Work, Tibbs has actively supported the pupil sit-ins; each morning this past spring he was on hand at Bill's Variety Shop, a candy-and-soft-drink establishment across the street from the Lincoln School, when the children gathered there to be driven to Cleveland.

While the Fourth Ward's traditional leaders, the clergymen, were reluctant at first to become involved with the sit-ins, I gathered from a talk I had with the Reverend Mr. Goodman that their patience is wearing thin. Rocking back and forth in a squeaky swivel chair in his study at the First Baptist Church, Goodman bitterly criticized the intransigence of Englewood's white leaders—"They live up there on the Hill, have their servants, and they don't come into contact with anyone but their own kind," he said—and deplored the fact that flats in the modern apartment buildings that line Grand Avenue, one of Englewood's principal thoroughfares, are barred to Negroes, who often have to pay $125 a month or more for the most miserable sort of accommodations in the Fourth Ward. Like Tibbs and the leaders of the Englewood Movement, Goodman is convinced, however, that the first objective is desegregation of the schools. "We want Lincoln *closed,*" he said emphatically, and I got the impression that unless the city has taken a very big step toward integration by September, there is a strong likelihood that the Negro community will effectively close Lincoln by direct action in the form of a boycott.

This is a possibility that many white residents, especially those who live on the Hill, the high-lying eastern section of Englewood where the houses are big and separated from the streets by great expanses of lawn, find it difficult to believe. Before the agitators came, they tell you, there was no trouble between the races in Englewood. Negroes and whites have in fact lived there together for more than eighty years —ever since prosperous lawyers and businessmen began building houses in Englewood and staffing them with colored servants from the South. A Negro settlement was established in the western end of town, where the first Negro churches were built with the help of the white families on the Hill. Their descendants still are apt to contribute to Negro churches, and may even attend special services that a few churches still regularly hold to honor their white benefactors.

But since the war, a radical change has taken place in the city's Negro community. Along with unskilled workers from the South have come large numbers of Negro businessmen, skilled workers, and professionals. They and their children, some of whom are now leaders in the Englewood Movement, do not want to be patronized. Many hold views that coincide with those of Augustus B. Harrison, who moved to Englewood twelve years ago from New York, where he works as a subway towerman, and who is president of the local branch of the NAACP. "There are three factions in Englewood," he told me. "There are the people who want the status quo, who don't want anything changed. Then there are the liberals; they want to give us something so long as it's enough to keep us quiet, but not enough to do us any good. And then there's the extreme end, which I

guess I belong to. We feel we must have equal citizenship, we must have equal education, and we're not going to settle for anything less." Harrison made it clear that his mistrust of liberals extends to Negroes who accept their favors. "You still have some Negroes in this town who, so long as you throw them a bone, will bow and scrape," he said.

The hard attitudes held by Harrison and other leaders of the Englewood Movement reflect, in part, their conviction that the city's administration has simply not dealt in good faith with their demands.

Two years ago, when a group of Negroes that included Harrison first urged that something be done about racial imbalance in the elementary schools—since there is only one junior high and one high school, the problem does not arise there—the board of education reacted sympathetically. It pointed out that the then superintendent of schools, Dr. Harry L. Stearns, with the help of consultants from Rutgers and MIT, had already begun a major study of enrollment patterns in the Englewood schools, and it promised that the scope would be broadened to include a "study in depth" of racial concentration. The board further agreed to take on a third consultant, to be chosen from a list of names to be furnished by the NAACP. In return, the local NAACP chapter said it would not for the time being make any attempt to test the board's school-assignment policy in the courts by trying to enroll Lincoln School pupils at one or more of the city's other elementary schools.

Delay, Impatience, Trouble

By the following January, however, Harrison and a number of other Negroes began to suspect that the city was stalling. Publication of the Stearns report, which was to have been ready by February, 1962, had been postponed for several weeks, and Mayor Volk had let it be known that he intended to put through a 1962-1963 school budget containing no provisions for carrying out any recommendations the report might contain. In an effort to force the city to commit itself to taking some positive action, a group of Negroes and whites staged an all-night sit-in at the city hall on February 1, 1962. Eleven of the demonstrators were arrested on charges (later dismissed) of disorderly conduct, and there followed a series of rallies and candlelight processions and an unsuccessful attempt to institute a shoppers' boycott.

These evidences of opposition did not prevent the school budget from going through as planned. But the Negroes were given unofficial assurances that if the board of education should need additional money to implement the Stearns report, it would almost certainly be made available by the board of school

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estimate, and the demonstrations tapered off.

When the report finally came out in March, Negro leaders were jubilant. It contained a strong indictment of all forms of school segregation, and offered detailed proposals for eliminating it in Englewood. In July, the board of education announced that certain of these proposals would be put into effect when school opened last September. The plan, advanced as a first step toward more complete integration, was to establish a central intermediate school, to which all fifth- and sixth-graders in Englewood would be assigned. While the plan had wide support, as noted earlier, it was attacked by a newly organized group called the Save Our Neighborhood Schools Committee. This group's principal objections were that the new intermediate school was to be located in a building—an abandoned junior high school—that Superintendent Stearns himself had once called worn out and obsolete, and that children would have to cross heavily traveled and dangerous thoroughfares to get there. Giving these and other reasons for their decision, the mayor and his colleagues on the board of school estimate voted to deny the board of education the $35,000 that it had said it would need for renovations and the plan went on the shelf.

To many Negroes, and many white supporters of integration as well, this was an act of betrayal. When school opened last September, there was a three-day boycott of Lincoln School, during which two-thirds of the pupils stayed away. Petitions alleging illegal segregation in Englewood's schools were filed with the state commissioner of education, and there was a new series of rallies, street demonstrations, and sit-ins. In February a second boycott of Lincoln was called. On the first day, nearly half of the children stayed away, but the number of absentees soon dwindled to less than forty children, who, until the sit-in at Cleveland began in May, received daily instruction from volunteer teachers at a special "boycott school" set up by the Englewood Movement.

In resisting demands for further integration, Mayor Volk and his fellow Republicans on the city council—Tibbs is the only Democrat—have been able to point to the results of a referendum held last fall, which was not binding on the city but in which the idea of a central intermediate school was disapproved by a four-to-one vote. There have been charges that the question put to the voters was loaded, and the results may, in fact, exaggerate the extent of opposition to the proposal. But the opposition is nevertheless strong, and in many cases arises from considerations that have little to do with the dangers of crowded streets.

Several of these were brought up in the course of a talk I had not

long ago with Edward F. Johnson, a leading opponent of the plan. Johnson, who works in a New York brokerage firm, and whose wife belongs to one of Englewood's most influential families, told me he didn't see why he should have to send his children to a school outside their neighborhood just to accommodate Negroes. "Anyway," he asked rhetorically, "what makes people think the colored person with a child at the Lincoln School wants him to come up here and sit next to my child?" Johnson went on to say that, in general, Protestants like to associate with Protestants, Catholics with Catholics, and Negroes with Negroes. If Englewood's schools are totally integrated, he added, there may be a flight of white families and a corresponding influx of Negroes that might well lower educational standards and breed crime.

Be that as it may, some further degree of integration seems certain to come in Englewood, and fairly soon. New Jersey's commissioner of education, ruling in a case brought by Negro parents in Orange, recently held that extreme racial imbalance in a school, at least where means exist to prevent it, constitutes an illegal "deprivation of opportunity for the pupils compelled to attend the school." He ordered the Orange board of education to take immediate action to reduce such imbalance in a school whose enrollment was nearly all Negro. The commissioner's action left little doubt that he would respond in similar fashion to the Englewood petitions that were before him. Moreover, even before the Orange decision was handed down, Mayor Volk and Council President William D. Ticknor had begun meeting with a semi-official conciliation committee—thereby signifying at least their full awareness that racial imbalance in the city's schools is an urgent problem.

But the fact that this move came so belatedly—and then only under the pressure of a sit-in by Negro children—seems certain to have a profound effect on future relations between whites and Negroes in Englewood. Many Englewood Negroes indicated quite clearly to me that, in pressing their demands, they are in no mood to trust any man whose skin is white. They are convinced that any victories they win will have to be won by their own efforts. Even whites who have actively supported the campaign for integration in the schools tend to feel more and more cut off from the leaders of the Englewood Movement, and those whites who are still working closely with it are careful to remain as much as possible in the background. "Please don't emphasize my race," one such man, a former freedom rider who spent many weeks in Southern jails, asked me at the conclusion of a talk I had with him.

One of the most common arguments for integrating schools is that the white children who attend them are less likely to grow up with a prejudice against Negroes. But resistance to full integration of the schools in Englewood, which in any case seems almost sure to come about, seems only to have contributed to an increase in prejudice against whites.

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: A Process of Fragmentation

HANNAH LEES

PHILADELPHIA'S city government would seem to have good reason to consider itself a friend of the Negro. Its civil-service system, set up under the new city charter in 1952, observes strict impartiality. Nearly ten thousand Negroes work for the city, a significant number of them in jobs of high responsibility. Philadelphia's Commission on Human Relations, also established under the new charter, has had the broadest powers and the largest budget of any in the country. The commission has worked hard to find job openings for Negroes in stores, hotels, restaurants, and many industries. It has fought with considerable success against discrimination in housing. It has issued a series of What To Do kits, designed to educate Negroes in fighting their own nonviolent battles against closed communities and job discrimination, and it has organized programs to develop leadership among young Philadelphia Negroes. And it was in this city that a group of four hundred Negro ministers marshaled their flocks in a series of entirely peaceful boycotts that resulted in hundreds of new white-collar and sales jobs for local Negroes.

BUT IN RECENT weeks Philadelphia's pride in its peaceful progress toward integration has been severely shaken. In protest against discrimination on city construction, Negroes have picketed public buildings, the mayor's home, and the mayor's office. They have staged an all-night sit-in strike in the mayor's reception room. They have battled with police sent to open up their picket lines, and a number of people have been injured. George Schermer, the executive director of Philadelphia's Commission on Human Relations, a man generally considered among the best in his field, has resigned with a public statement blasting the mayor's handling of these situations. The NAACP, blasting the commission as well as the mayor, has called for the resignation of all the Human Relations commissioners, including two prominent Negroes.

Acting Mayor James H. J. Tate, who as president of the City Council automatically took over when Richardson Dilworth resigned early last year to run, unsuccessfully, for governor, is part of the old-line Democratic organization in the city, which apparently feels that the main function of the Commission on Human Relations is to keep the Negro voters out of their hair. Moreover, it has been a source of pride to Mayor Tate that he knew any number of Negro judges, councilmen, editors, businessmen, and lawyers whom he could consult on how to keep the Negroes happy. But as George Schermer has said, "What the mayor doesn't realize is that when you talk to the thirty or forty most secure and politically sophisticated Negroes in town you haven't really talked to the Negroes at all."

Who's to Be the Leader?

The recent outbursts of violence and vituperation have made it clear that Mayor Tate is not very well informed on what the Negroes of his city are thinking. In many ways, of course, his difficulties are understandable, since the conflict has often seemed to be much more over leadership in the Negro community than over problems of discrimination. The "new Negroes" are in angry revolt against the old-time leaders who have found a measure of success and are not disposed to risk their positions through militancy. "Part-time Negroes," the younger ones call them. The new generation resents anything resembling a go-slow approach. They are acutely aware that twice as many Negroes as whites are unemployed and that half as many finish high school. They know full well that housing segregation causes school segregation, that housing segregation is increasing, and that predominantly Negro schools seldom get the best teachers. They want to catch up fast.

One of the most vocal leaders among these impatient Negroes is Cecil Moore, the new president of the Philadelphia NAACP. Moore, a

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dynamic lawyer with a large criminal practice, considers all white liberals phony and all Negroes who disagree with him traitors. He often reveals a more or less frank anti-Semitism.

Earlier in the spring, Moore successfully challenged the Ford Foundation, which was financing an ambitious project designed to overcome the ghetto conditions of a whole section of North Philadelphia. When a white lawyer, one of the commissioners on Human Relations, was appointed executive director of the project, Moore proclaimed to the press that a Negro undertaking must have a Negro executive. (He failed to win this point but he did get two Negroes appointed to top executive positions at salaries of $20,000.)

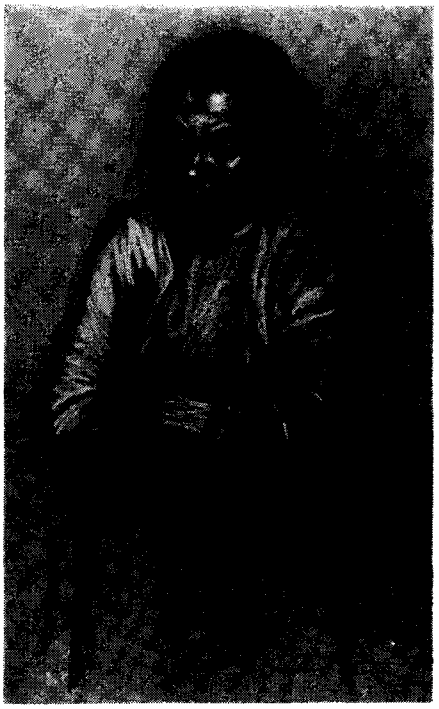
Moore is the self-proclaimed spokesman for Philadelphia's Negroes and unquestionably has a huge following. But he does not have the field to himself. The Negro ministers watch him carefully, supporting him when they find him constructive, quietly opposing him when he becomes too violent or too obviously racist.

Also challenging Moore's leadership is CORE, under Louis Smith. For the past year at regular intervals Smith had been writing the mayor asking for an opportunity to discuss discrimination in various city construction jobs—a violation of the nondiscrimination clause written into all city contracts. It is common knowledge that a number of unions, particularly the old AFL craft unions in the building trades, assume the right to pick and choose who shall become journeymen and apprentices. Although they may not have a policy of specifically excluding Negroes, they are determined to control the number of workers in each field and keep places open for their sons and relatives. Thus they deliberately keep the supply somewhat below the demand, so that no Negroes—and few whites—can ever learn the building trades.

On April 13 CORE picketed Mayor Tate's house in specific protest against discrimination in the $18-million construction of a new Municipal Services Building, and a few days later a sit-in was staged in the mayor's reception room. The mayor, who for more than a year had found no time—one half hour, to be precise—to discuss any of the city's racial problems and how to handle them with the Commission on Human Relations, now called George Schermer, that body's executive director, and aggrievedly demanded that he get CORE out of his office. Schermer had been trying for months to get the mayor to discuss the matter of union discrimination on city jobs. The commission had, in fact, been holding hearings on union discrimination on its own responsibility for the past two weeks. Knowing an opportunity when he saw one, Schermer got the mayor to write a letter requesting the hearings that were already in progress, and CORE, temporarily satisfied, withdrew the sit-ins.

The Commission's Findings

Things were quiet for a few weeks while the commission investigated. Then came Birmingham. On Saturday, May 11, the NAACP, led by Cecil Moore and four hundred Negro ministers, staged demonstrations in sympathy with Birmingham's Negroes. Moore announced dramatically that on May 15 the NAACP would throw a human wall around Reyburn Plaza across from City Hall, where the Municipal Services Building was going up. But this, CORE felt, was their project. They had no intention of yielding it to NAACP. On Tuesday, May 14, CORE members staged another sit-in in the mayor's reception room, declaring their intention of staying there until he saw them. Instead of seeing the sit-ins the mayor ordered the police to throw them out. But the police, more scrupulous about the right to peaceful assembly than the mayor, ignored the order and the CORE group sat there all night. The next morning, before the NAACP had had time to form their human wall, the mayor closed down work on the Municipal Services Building, pending the commission's findings on union discrimination.



The commission's report, issued five days later, charged discrimination in five unions whose members were working on the city job: the plumbers, steamfitters, electricians, sheet metal workers, and composition roofers. It directed contractors on city jobs to offer a reasonable number of non-union jobs to Negroes until full equality prevailed within the unions.

Another of the report's conclusions was even more far-reaching. In the past, discrimination has had to be proven by the rejection of a specific individual. The unions could always deny that they had discriminated because Negroes, knowing they had no chance, had not applied for membership. But the commission now came forward with the assertion that the absence of Negroes in the unions was proof enough of discrimination. Now the commission directed affirmative action on the part of the city, the contractors, and the unions—action that would enable and cause "qualified members of the excluded group to pass through the traditional barriers and become established in those jobs from which they were so long excluded." In other words, the unions would have to make room for Negroes immediately, even if it meant discriminating against white applicants.

The FINDINGS were highly praised by nearly everybody except Cecil Moore of the NAACP, who said that it was a hypocritical document and that nothing would come of it. Mayor Tate's next step seemed to prove him right. Desperate to get

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the building back under construction for fear the contractor might sue him—sixty-five per cent of the workers on the job were Negro and the discrimination charges involved only a handful of the entire work crew—he met privately with the contractors and union leaders and forced a settlement on the commission that amounted to no more than an agreement for further negotiations.

On the day work was resumed on the Municipal Services Building, May 24, with *one* Negro hired by *one* of the offending unions, the NAACP picketed a school building under construction in the center of a large Negro community. The chairman of the school board took refuge in the old definition of job discrimination and claimed there was no reason to shut down the job. The mayor peremptorily ordered the police to open the picket lines. At this point, the NAACP pickets were supplemented by members of RAM, the nonreligious and excessively racist arm of the Black Muslims. There was considerable conflict on both Tuesday and Wednesday, May 28 and 29, and a number of people were hurt—most of them policemen. On Wednesday the four hundred Negro ministers declared that if the work was not stopped on the school they would call on their congregations the following Sunday to leave their jobs and march on City Hall.

Negotiations went on among the labor leaders, the NAACP, the contractors, and public-school officials all day and all night Thursday, Memorial Day. The NAACP insisted that the commission be excluded because the schools were under a state contract and not a city one. By eight o'clock Friday morning a tentative agreement was reached, but before it could be typed, signed, and announced, the pickets were again battling the police and there were more injuries.

On Saturday, June 1, Louis Smith of CORE charged Cecil Moore of the NAACP with having settled for peanuts. What Moore had apparently agreed to was the hiring of two Negro plumbers, one steamfitter, and two electricians, plus getting his picture in practically every paper across the country. Smith said Moore could and should have held out for considerably more than this token of good intentions.

On Tuesday, June 4, Moore replied by calling for the dissolution of CORE as an obstructive splinter group and the resignation of the entire Commission on Human Relations to make way for more representative Negro leadership. The mayor—who had not consulted with Schermer during all these latter difficulties—issued statements implying that if the commission had been on the job none of this need have happened and declaring his intention of setting up a new interracial council that would entirely bypass it.

The next day Schermer resigned as executive director of the commission, charging the mayor with creating a vacuum at City Hall and making the commission too weak to be effective. There were many statements applauding Schermer and demanding that the mayor not accept his resignation. The mayor's only response was to accuse Schermer of running out at the moment of greatest challenge.

So THE NET result is that a few Negroes have gotten jobs that were previously closed to them. But against that small gain must be set the fact that rivalry among Negro leaders and disruption among municipal authorities has severely fragmented Philadelphia's deservedly respected approach to problems of race relations.

Cambridge, Maryland: Failure on Race Street

WENDELL P. BRADLEY

"MARYLAND'S Eastern Shore is a slice of Mississippi," a national official of the NAACP said recently. For several days in mid-June his exaggerated remark began to seem an understatement. Racial tension in this city of eight thousand white people and four thousand Negroes had risen to such a pitch that the state's mild-mannered governor, J. Millard Tawes, himself an Eastern Shoreman, sent in the National Guard.

Before the five hundred soldiers began arriving on June 14 to place Cambridge under martial law and a strict curfew, two white men had been wounded by a shotgun blast in the Negro Second Ward; a sniper fired into a window of a house on the dividing line between the Second Ward and the rest of the city; four business establishments—three owned by white men, one by two Negro sisters—were set on fire; a Negro school-board member's garage was burned down; two cars, and perhaps more, driven by white people were surrounded and rocked by noisy crowds in the Negro section; white firemen and state police were bombarded with bricks and bottles.

Twice, angry mobs of white men very nearly broke police lines and surged into the Second Ward, where Negroes were waiting for them. Once, the Negroes almost succeeded in breaking through a police cordon separating them from the whites.

Cambridge's main street—appropriately named Race Street—was the scene of nightly confrontations. Ne-

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groes marched down one side of Race Street to the courthouse to sing and pray; white hecklers followed them back to the Negro section on the other side shouting obscenities and singing crude parodies of Negro freedom songs.

After the crowds were forcibly dispersed each night, many Negro and white householders sat in darkened living rooms with shotguns beside them. State Senator Frederick Malkus said he felt everyone in Dorchester County, of which Cambridge is the county seat, was in danger of harm to his person or property. On Wednesday, June 12, shortly after the violence started, sporting-goods stores in Cambridge, noting the beginnings of a run on weapons, stopped selling guns and ammunition.

MARYLAND is not a Deep South state, much less a "slice of Mississippi," and even the Eastern Shore has made considerable progress in desegregating schools and other public facilities. The Cambridge crisis was far from inevitable and seemed, instead, the tragic result of a complete breakdown of communication between leaders of the two races. Whites blamed it on the Negroes, Negroes blamed it on the whites.

The violence of the demonstrations was something new in Maryland. Neighboring Virginia responded to the Supreme Court decision of 1954 with massive resistance and the doctrine of interposition; Maryland promptly announced that it would accept the court's ruling. Maryland law prohibits racial discrimination in the hiring of state employees and by contractors on state jobs. The Tawes administration secured enactment last winter of a limited public-accommodations law. Baltimore has gone further, perhaps, than all other Southern cities except Washington.

The Eastern Shore is made up of nine rural counties, separated from the rest of the state both by Chesapeake Bay and by a point of view summed up in a song popular with the Shore's delegates at Annapolis: "We Don't Give a Damn for the Whole State of Maryland, We're from the Eastern Shore." Until 1952, when the Chesapeake Bay Bridge was built, the Shore's only access to the rest of the state was by water, except for a long and circuitous road around the head of the bay. The Shore's accent is different. It still retains an island complex.

In racial matters the Eastern Shore has lagged behind the rest of the state. But Salisbury, the Shore's largest city, thirty miles from Cambridge, has desegregated its restaurants, its hotels and motels, and the largest two of its three movie houses. Salisbury's leading department stores have a policy of hiring regardless of race. In Salisbury, the white leadership made a point of finding the most militant Negroes in the city and inducing them to join its biracial commission before demonstrations started anywhere on the Shore. Cambridge chose instead to deal with less demanding Negro leaders, perhaps because the militant Negroes were not visible to the whites two years ago.

The Shore Is Invaded

Early last year, sit-in demonstrators from Baltimore, Swarthmore College, and New York invaded the Shore demanding an end to segregation in restaurants. The local white people, accustomed to telling even fellow Marylanders from across the bay to mind their own business, were outraged.

In Cambridge that outrage is still being expressed. White people frequently remarked after the trouble started that outside agitators were responsible. But the inescapable fact is that in Cambridge a strong local movement to end segregation has taken charge. Even white people who recognize this cling to the idea that only schoolchildren and young adults support the end-all-segregation-now demands of the Cambridge Non-Violent Action Committee and the local NAACP. The mature Negroes, these whites say, disapprove of the demonstrations.

Since January of last year there have been small-scale sit-ins in Cambridge. The tempo of the demonstrations increased this May, when local Negroes, most of them teen-agers, picketed the board of education, the city employment office, restaurants, and the city hall. At one time more than seventy Negro boys and girls filled the jail. Nightly, protest marchers from the Second Ward surrounded the jail singing, praying, and demanding the prisoners' release. Gloria Richardson, chairman of the Cambridge Non-Violent Action Committee, said the demonstrations would continue until there was complete desegregation of schools, public accommodations, and job opportunities. The mayor of Cambridge, Calvin W. Mowbray, insisted that the city could not negotiate about these matters as long as the demonstrations continued. That was the basic impasse when the violence erupted in mid-June.

BY DEEP SOUTH standards, Cambridge has made progress in race relations. It has had a school desegregation plan on the books since 1956 (although none of the schools are integrated). It has a Negro school-board member and city councilman. It established an Equal Opportunities Commission in June, 1961, six months before the first demonstrations. Four of its restaurants had agreed to desegregate before the demonstrations started. Cambridge has also made attempts in the past year to open up job opportunities for Negroes. And it is worth noting that on two of the nights of the worst violence, Negro and white teams were playing each other before mixed crowds without incident.

But whether progress in the civil-rights field was "wonderful" before the demonstrations, as Senator Malkus maintains, or whether, as Negroes say, it was designed to relieve pressure for change without bringing change, is no longer of prime importance.

The crisis in Cambridge stemmed more from a lack of skill in working out differences than from the differ-

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ences themselves. Maurice Rimpo, editor of the Cambridge *Banner*, told me the majority of the city's white leaders feel that the things the Negroes are demanding are reasonable. Rimpo, who is regarded by many Negroes as part of the white power structure they are fighting, said, "I feel the solution is to give them what they ask for."

If his attitude is prevalent in the city's leadership, one wonders why the National Guard had to come to Cambridge. The whites blame Negro agitators. The Negroes answer that the whites are insincere.

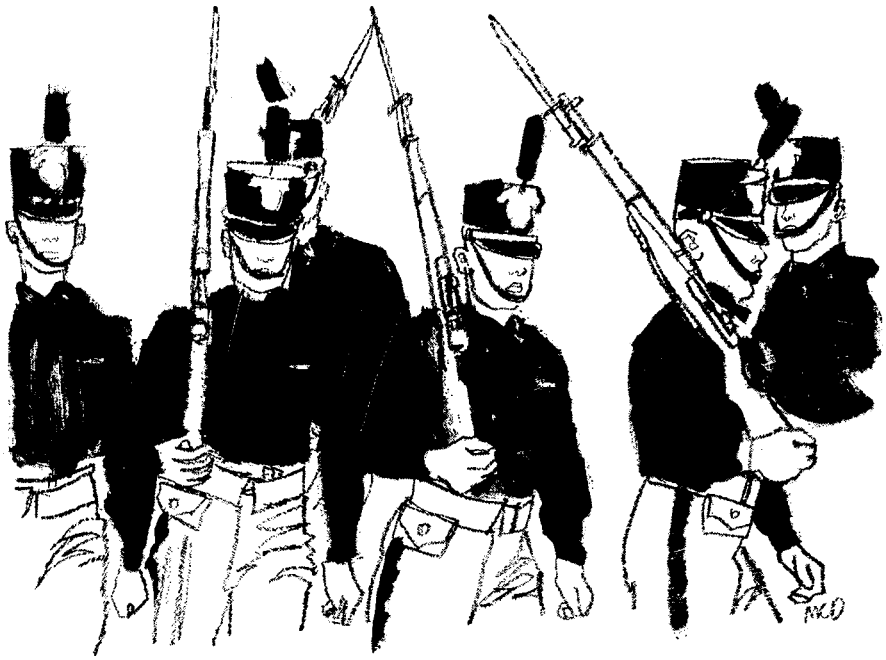
At the height of the crisis white and Negro leaders talked to reporters about restaurants, job opportunities, schools, housing, and recreation facilities. They complained about the other side's lack of good faith in negotiations, of being backed into a corner, of finding no spirit of accommodation. But one got the impression that it was not the leaders but the more violent demonstrators from both sides who were expressing the heart of the issue.

A number of Negroes defied their own leaders and refused to get off the streets when a company of soldiers marched into the Second Ward to enforce the curfew. They made one point over and over. "We want respect," they told a general and his colonel who pleaded with them to go home and tried to explain that the white people also were being put indoors. "We want respect," the Negroes insisted again and again.

Some whites, the ones who followed the demonstrators shouting obscenities, were obsessed with another point: the sense of terrible injustice they felt because Negroes could march through the city, surround the jail, sit on the courthouse steps and sing—and get away with it. "We don't have any rights any more," they were saying in effect. "The niggers are taking over."

The difference over what the Negroes are demanding—better job opportunities, better housing, faster desegregation of schools, the right to eat in restaurants—would seem to be neither very great nor irreconcilable. What happened, it is clear, was that failure to settle the differences when it could be done peaceably caused first demonstrations, then incidents inflaming both sides, then hatred.

AT HOME & ABROAD



Disarmanent: An Agency In Search of a Policy

LAURENCE W. MARTIN

WASHINGTON

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S recent speech, in which he announced imminent high-level Moscow talks as an effort to break the deadlock in test-ban negotiations, put at least the semblance of new life into the disarmament question. Once more Mr. Kennedy testified to his deep personal preoccupation with the dangers of proliferating nuclear weapons. On the broader matter of more far-reaching measures of disarmament, the speech contained nothing new. The President stated once again the ultimate goal of general and complete disarmament (GCD) which was borrowed from Premier Khrushchev and first presented as a detailed American proposal under President Eisenhower and elaborately restated in the early months of the Kennedy administration.

No one can deny the desirability of searching for ways to reduce or at least control the perils of the nuclear arms race. Once specific steps are proposed, however—whether toward total disarmament or toward such limited measures as a test ban—the argument is joined and is quickly clouded by suspicion and emotion, for to many people the idea that we might enhance our security by limiting our military capacities seems to run counter to our most vital national interests.

As the institutionalization of this idea, the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA) that President Kennedy set up at the beginning of his administration has been dogged by suspicion and ambiguity from the outset. Standing midway between military policy and foreign policy, it is neither independent nor subordinate.

It Started with Stassen

Beginning with the frustrations and final eclipse of Harold Stassen, who was Special Assistant for Disarmament to President Eisenhower from 1955 to 1958, the antecedents for the

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agency were not happy ones. Its actual genesis lay in a variety of circumstances that began to combine in 1959 and came to a climax in 1960. The Berlin crisis, the U-2 affair, and demonstrations of Soviet rocket prowess, exaggerated by the Democrats' use of the missile gap as a campaign issue, made the military situation seem ever more threatening. At the same time, the Soviet Union was getting a good deal of mileage out of the propagandistic proposal for complete disarmament in four years that Khrushchev dramatically presented to the U.N. in September, 1959. This Russian maneuver and ostensible Russian interest in a test ban encouraged many to believe that the Soviet Union was truly interested in serious negotiation.

Also in 1959 some members of the scientific community, many of whom had long been deeply devoted to disarmament, began to urge attention to the question. In 1959 the "Pasadena Group" of the Democratic Advisory Council's Committee on Science and Technology, led by Trevor Gardner and Harrison Brown, sold the idea of a Peace Agency to the Democratic Advisory Council. A parallel but quite different approach was being made by other scientists who had developed and began to disseminate the idea of "arms control"; that is, of measures that, without necessarily involving international negotiations or reductions of arms, might make the military environment safer by such devices as improving control over our own forces to lessen the danger of accidental war and refraining from policies that might accelerate the arms race. This helped to make arms control respectable in circles that had never had any sympathy for disarmament as such. The most significant intellectual difference in the field of arms control today—and it is clearly discernible within the ACDA—is, in fact, between those who insist on the traditional approach to disarmament, conceived as a reduction in weapons leading ultimately to a totally disarmed world, and those who believe that the best hope for a safer world lies in more modest and cautious adjustments of the military balance.

One of the highlights of the arms-control movement came late in 1960 when a number of American social scientists joined Soviet scientists at a Moscow session of the Pugwash meetings, named after the place in Nova Scotia where Cyrus Eaton first sponsored such gatherings. Several of the participants were close advisers of the President-elect, notably Walt W. Rostow and Jerome Wiesner. They returned with a roseate view of the Russian intention to negotiate seriously. The few dissidents among the participants—of whom the most articulate was Professor Thomas Schelling of Harvard—were relegated to the background.

MR. KENNEDY had thrown his weight behind arms control during the campaign by his famous charge that less than one hundred people were working on peace within the Eisenhower administration while thousands worked on war. Prodding of this kind had already caused President Eisenhower to set up a Disarmament Administration within the State Department. Upon his inauguration, President Kennedy appointed John J. McCloy his adviser on disarmament. On the policy side McCloy produced the three-stage plan for general and complete disarmament that President Kennedy put before the U.N. General Assembly on September 25, 1961, shortly before the Russians broke the moratorium and resumed testing on a grand scale. About the same time, McCloy and Soviet Ambassador Valerian A. Zorin produced a watered-down statement of agreed principles.

As to organization, the question was whether the creation of a separate statutory agency was the best way to give greater weight to disarmament considerations. The arguments against a separate agency were chiefly a fear of excessive bureaucratic overhead and empire building, and a concern that it would weaken co-ordination with the State Department and undermine the authority of the Secretary of State. Indeed, the hearings on the proposals tended to center on anxiety that the agency might usurp control of foreign and military policy.

The most compelling argument for a separate agency was the belief that only an independent agency with representation at the highest level could ensure that the disarmament point of view was not suppressed within any agency with vested interests of its own. Only a separate agency, it was also argued, could fully dramatize American concern for disarmament and attract the kind of professional specialist in arms control who had so far been in short supply in the government. Finally, it was widely rumored that the man intended for the job, William C. Foster, had made it clear he would accept only an independent agency.

On arguments like this, the case for a separate agency won out. On September 26, 1961, the day after President Kennedy presented the GCD plan to the United Nations, he signed the act creating the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. (Congress would not accept the original title of Peace and Disarmament Agency.) Under this legislation the agency is supposed to conduct research and to co-ordinate the research of other agencies on disarmament, formulate policy, conduct negotiations, and, subject to further Congressional authorization, execute any disarmament schemes the United States may adopt. In performing these tasks it was hoped that the agency would constitute what Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric, a personal friend of Foster's, called a "countervailing force" to military influence in government.

The ACDA is, however, still explicitly under the supervision of the Secretary of State. While the director of the agency, who ranks as an Under Secretary of State, can convene the Committee of Principals, the highest interagency co-ordinating body for disarmament, the Secretary of State is the chairman. Morover, ACDA is far from having been given a monopoly on disarmament and must reconcile its views with the general policy of the State Department and take into account the substantial staffs working on the same problem in the Pentagon.

A Forum for False Hopes?

In the first twenty months of the agency's existence it has fulfilled neither the high hopes of its more optimistic sponsors nor the deep

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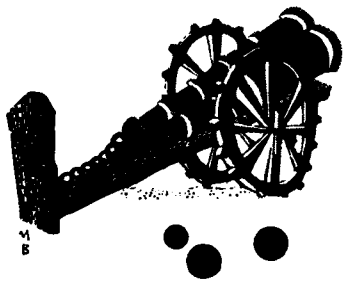
fears of its critics. How little it influences day-to-day formation of defense policy is in fact a pet grievance of ACDA's staff. It has doubtless played a part in directing greater attention to disarmament considerations and made a start on gathering a staff of arms controllers. But many of the staff are still on temporary assignment and the agency is subject to a high rate of turnover. And it is well aware that the course of arms control would be going forward even if ACDA had never been created.

If there are, in the words of a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, "more disarmament noises coming out of the Pentagon these days," that is chiefly due to Secretary McNamara's efforts to achieve military stability and to the President's preoccupation with the dangers of nuclear proliferation. Thanks to the active support of the President, without which, says Foster, ACDA would not have made what headway it has, the agency played an active part in re-evaluating our detection capability and in reducing the requirement for on-site inspections in the American plan. To bring about this controversial change, McNamara and the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission have had to sit firmly on the preponderant misgivings of their own staffs.

On the wider front of true disarmament, ACDA inherited the GCD plan worked out by McCloy on the basis of earlier western proposals made to the ten-nation Geneva Conference in 1960. This is still the fundamental document of American disarmament policy. Whatever denials were issued, many observers saw the plan as primarily a propaganda move to undercut Khrushchev's "four years to zero" project. Such a motive is unquestionably legitimate, for conceding easy debating points to the other side is no way to make it want to get down to serious business. Nonetheless, a counterpropaganda ploy is no substitute for policy. Perhaps there is no plan for general disarmament that would be feasible in our present world. Certainly our GCD plan is not.

The GCD plan proposed to arrive at complete disarmament through a series of three stages during which nuclear and conventional arms would be proportionately reduced in a balanced fashion, while a U.N. Peace Force would build up until, at the end of Stage III, it would be irresistible. By this time we would in effect have a world government. But even the mildest critics of GCD ask how we can expect to agree on such fundamental political questions with the Russians when agreement on even minor issues has so often been impossible.

Criticism of GCD comes from moderate men as well as extremists. In his recent Clayton Lectures, given at Tufts University, Senator J. W. Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, did not mince words: "The discussion of 'general and complete disarmament' is, in my opinion, an exercise in cold war fantasy, a manifestation of the deception and pretense of the new diplomacy. . . . There is nothing but mischief in negotiations which no statesman seriously expects to succeed. They become a forum for the



generation of false hopes and profound disappointments . . ."

In view of such skepticism, ACDA's continuing preoccupation with GCD takes on an unreal character. It is not really a serious policy for implementation at all. It is one of those obeisances to peace which no party to the cold war dare omit, and which, being made, becomes the object of actual negotiations. These negotiations, in turn, demand studies designed to avoid being trapped by unforeseen implications of one's position. But there is a limit to the time and energy that can be devoted to such pursuits without diverting talent and attention from more practical, limited projects for arms control and without destroying the morale of those who are required to work over the terms of a proposition that at times appears remote.

Discontent in the Ranks

A visit to ACDA leaves the distinct impression that morale is low. Almost all the middle-level employees express dissatisfaction with the organization and direction of the agency, and a good many are leaving or are tempted to leave.

To some extent an "old hands" versus "new hands" split is discernible between those who were associated with the previous disarmament administrations and the newcomers of the Kennedy régime. Experts of both vintages join, however, in resenting the degree to which ACDA is broken up into a number of bureaus headed by distinguished ambassadors and admirals, most of whom have no previous experience of arms control and are rather obviously birds of passage. The middle-level experts feel that this works against the development of a stable body of professionals and cuts experienced men off from easy contact with the director and his deputy.

They also complain that the number of departments in relation to the agency's size—eleven, for a total of only 187 employees—makes co-ordination unnecessarily difficult. Whatever co-ordination is achieved is apt to take place on an *ad hoc* basis. The director of ACDA describes this administrative setup as making for the flexibility desirable in a small agency. But the deputy chief of one of his bureaus describes it as "defying rational analysis."

Part of the trouble seems to be that according to some of his subordinates, Mr. Foster has concerned himself very much with the external relations of the agency. This he has done fairly well by all accounts, and without his efforts the agency's reputation for soundness on the Hill would be worse than it is. On the other hand, say members of the agency, this leaves day-to-day policy planning to Adrian Fisher, who, though popular and sincerely dedicated to the agency's purposes, apparently lacks the knack of employing a large planning organization. It is his style to work closely with a small group of personal advisers and to make policy by what one of his colleagues refers to as "the blunt-

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pencil and yellow-pad method."

The internal failings of the agency irk its staffers disproportionately because they have so little to do with operations. The closest they come is in the frustrating negotiations at Geneva, which are serviced by the International Relations Bureau under Jacob Beam. This is the bureau that will serve the Harriman-Fisher team in Moscow in July. The most promising way in which the staff of the agency could begin to feel in touch with real things again would be to get in on everyday formation of national security policy. But the working staff does not feel that Director Foster, energetic and experienced though he is, enjoys the standing in the administration that would enable him to carry weight at all comparable to the heads of State and Defense on the all-important Committee of Principals, where recommendations for the President must finally be threshed out.

BY ALL ODDS the most important opposite number of ACDA is the Pentagon. Over there one collects a variety of opinions of ACDA, none of them overgenerous. The International Security Affairs division of the Defense Department appears to have a predominance of veterans of the arms-control group that came together at Harvard and MIT in 1960, such as Henry Rowen, a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense, and Arthur Barber, also a Deputy Assistant Secretary, in charge of arms control. From ISA there comes an urbane reminder that the Defense Department is deeply involved in arms-control efforts of its own and that, though it is early to judge, there is no sign that the supposed "countervailing force" of ACDA has had much effect. These groups attribute the increased interest in arms control on their side of the Potomac to the concern and energies of Secretary McNamara and of many of his subordinates, including Barber's predecessor, John McNaughton, now general counsel of the department and himself an old Cambridge arms controller. Prospects for genuine arms control, they reason, lie in ensuring that our military policies are consistent with the stability of the military balance and give every encouragement to the Soviet Union to adopt stabilizing policies of its own. To do this requires taking careful account of all the complex interrelations of the international military and diplomatic situation. In ISA they think that ACDA lacks the necessary skill and sophistication in foreign policy to do this and instead is apt to put forward plans that, though fine in bilateral deals with Russia, would send our allies into a panic and "bite us from behind."

A more robust tone of criticism prevails downstairs among the two dozen watchdogs in the Joint Chiefs' Directorate for Arms Control under Air Force General Dale Smith. There they believe that ACDA represents disarmament for disarmament's sake; that the disarmers fail to appreciate the delicate complexity of modern weapons systems, thinking only in "numbers and megatons" and neglecting the finely balanced asymmetries of a military confrontation; and that in their ignorance they could turn the balance against us overnight. Our test-ban proposals, so the JCS watchdogs believe, run counter to our own interests, and the Russians might well sign if they did not underestimate our naïveté and were not still looking for the joker.

By contrast, the men in the International Security Affairs division have considerable faith in the value of explicit arms-control agreements and concede that ACDA provides a convenient focus for official thought. They have a natural tendency to believe that most of the initiative comes from the Defense Department, but ACDA gets some credit for learning. "The honeymoon is over, and if nothing much has been conceived at least the innocence has gone." The chief indictment laid against the agency is confusion.

In Search of a Policy

On the Hill the agency arouses both ardent support and opposition, with the balance running heavily to a stubborn skepticism. ACDA is under particularly close scrutiny by Congress. In the act creating the agency a ceiling of $10 million was placed on its appropriations. That sum is almost depleted and ACDA recently asked Congress to increase its funds and remove the statutory ceiling. This request ran into heavy weather before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Its members are unhappy about the quality of the agency's research and about the apparently pell-mell fashion in which research funds were hastily paid out toward the end of the accounting year. Many have the impression that the agency already has difficulty finding sensible ways to spend its money. It now seems probable that while the life of the agency will be extended, the statutory restrictions will remain.

Where do the policies of the agency

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stand now? If a test ban could be negotiated with the Russians on the basis of our present position, leaders of the agency believe it could get through Congress with the backing they are sure the President would give it. But unless, as Mr. Kennedy's recent speech might suggest, the Russians are about to make a major shift in policy—and Premier Khrushchev's negative reaction to the speech gives no such indication—the chances of getting such a treaty soon are not good. And the chances of getting GCD are almost zero, as is increasingly admitted. Thus, despite the President's reaffirmation of it as our long-term goal, the agency finds itself in search of a workable policy.

Some of the staff have begun to work on what they hope is a more promising line, namely to concentrate on more limited measures but to present them as the first step toward a change in the military environment sufficiently far-reaching to induce Russia to breach its well-known prejudices on inspection. An *ad hoc* study group, set up on an interbureau basis within the agency during last summer's recess of the Geneva negotiations, began, in conscious reaction against GCD, to comb Soviet statements for hints of what measures might attract the Russians. The hope is that by looking for an area of "widest common agreement," we might arrive at a proposal for a "limited first-stage agreement." The search broadened to include measures there was no positive reason to believe the Russians would not accept.

THE SOVIET statement from which most hope is drawn was Mr. Gromyko's declaration before the U.N. in September, 1962, that the Soviet Union would agree to retention of a number of nuclear weapons and delivery systems into the second stage of disarmament. More recently there has been a hint that it might accept verification of the pads on which retained missiles were placed. This would be a relaxation of the Russians' refusal to countenance inspection of retained weapons, which they call "inspection of armament," in contrast to inspection of the weapons given up. Retention of missiles into the second stage might provide the "residual deterrence" that many American experts think necessary as a safeguard against an honestly disarming nation's finding itself at the mercy of one that conceals an illicit force.

The content of the limited first-stage proposal has not been announced. It is not yet official policy and may never be. But it appears that, building on Soviet hints and guesses, the plan calls for the United States to make much sharper reductions in its nuclear weapons and delivery systems than those made by the Russians. Thinning out of nuclear weapons in Europe is also contemplated, and production of nuclear weapons would cease. In return, Russia would be expected to make sharper cuts than America in its conventional forces. Thus while the details are still not wholly decided, it is clear that it does tend in the direction of a readiness to accept "parity" with the Russians—an idea that many congressmen find an alarming feature of the administration's defense policy.

OBVIOUSLY a plan like this would have a difficult course to run in domestic debate. The principle of resting on Soviet hints is itself open to challenge. In private talks the Russians have so far refused even to suggest a general order of magnitude for the retained force they would accept. The architects of the scheme believe, however, that it accords with Russian interests as well as ours, and on that they pin their hopes. Congress would not be likely to see it that way. In the Pentagon, to be sure, Secretary McNamara is moving close to accepting a kind of military stalemate. His denials of stalemate turn out to mean that he hopes for political initiatives within a military standoff: " 'Stalemate' implies lack of action and I visualize our military program leading to quite the contrary. I visualize it leading to action in the foreign policy field." That does not mean, of course, that he would necessarily accept this particular plan. But it is worth noting that the disarmament division of International Security Affairs of the Defense Department takes the scheme seriously enough to begin to take credit for having thought of it.

Whatever the faults of the limited first stage plan, it is in one respect a step in the right direction. It does constitute an effort to find what is practical, to relate it to Soviet interests, and to direct research toward partial and restricted measures that just might be negotiated one day.

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A Drought Ends in Iowa

DRAKE MABRY

DES MOINES

THE Sixtieth Iowa Legislature, rural, Republican, and heretofore Dry, recently completed a record 125-day session in Des Moines. One of its most surprising achievements was a new law, effective July 4, permitting bars to sell liquor. Since Prohibition it has been unlawful to dispense anything stronger than 4 per cent beer across a bar in Iowa; stronger spirits had to be purchased by the bottle in one of the 190 state-owned liquor stores.

The rebellion against the rural Drys was launched by an active member of Alcoholics Anonymous and former lay Methodist preacher—Iowa's new Democratic governor, Harold Hughes. As soon as Hughes announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination early in 1962, he advocated the legalized sale of "liquor by the drink." Though he won the nomination, nobody gave him a chance to win the election, and the liquor pitch, after all, was only routine. Iowa Democrats have traditionally called for the return of the saloon. And Iowa Republicans, who dominate the state (Nixon beat Kennedy by 170,000 votes in 1960), have always voted Dry.

Nonetheless Hughes's campaign pitch, delivered without emotion but with personal conviction, went something like this: "Liquor is being served now against the law. This breeds disrespect for other laws. So let's change the liquor laws, make law enforcement easier, and restore respect for other laws." He also pointed out that the state could collect $10 to $20 million annually in new revenue. The politicians considered Hughes's victory to be a mandate from the people for liquor by the drink.

But until the old laws were changed, the new governor announced, the present ones would have to be enforced. Thereupon he recruited a twenty-seven-man raiding squad, put it through a two-week basic training course, armed it with a steel battering ram to knock down stubborn doors, and sent it out to "dry up the state."

Local officials, grasping the political implications of the dry-up, cooperated. Police in Ottumwa raided Woody's Boat and Dinner Club on the Des Moines River at 2:15 A.M. one Sunday and hauled seventy-five irate customers, bartenders, and waitresses to headquarters in city busses specially chartered for the occasion.

Not all raids were as successful. A series of simultaneous raids in Davenport, on the Mississippi, was suddenly canceled when a liquor agent camped in a saloon overheard a barmaid blithely name the bars to be raided, the time, and the place the agents were to assemble to begin the attack.

IN THIS atmosphere of hypocrisy, the battle lines of Wets and Drys formed as legislators held pre-session

caucuses. The Republican state central committee, shocked by their defeat and impressed by the mounting pro-liquor pressure, unexpectedly jumped off the wagon and urged passage of a liquor-by-the-drink bill.

Liquor-by-the-drink forces, an alliance of elements in both parties, soon sensed the precarious balance between victory and defeat in both the House and Senate. Senate Majority Leader Robert Rigler, a Republican and a Wet, constantly declined to say what hour or even what day the bill would come up for debate. Finally, at nine on a warm April morning, the liquor bill was suddenly put at the top of the calendar. By noon—halfway through the debate—a group of clergymen who had been alerted by a telephone alarm system were prowling the floor. They retreated only under a threat to clear out all spectators if they didn't stop pestering senators at their posts on the floor. The Wets, led by Jack Schroeder, a Republican attorney, played a deliberately cool game. "We've got to kill 'em with kindness," Schroeder advised his cohorts. "Don't get anybody mad at us."

Liquor opponents did most of the arguing, with Schroeder calmly agreeing with the less extravagant claims and ignoring the more violent ones. The opposition claimed that selling liquor by the drink would increase alcoholism and result in broken homes, a rising divorce rate, illegitimate children, and "grocery money spent in a bar on the way home from work."

Senators who hardly ever held the floor were moved to speak their piece on liquor. Democratic Senator Franklin Main, from a deeply religious sector of southern Iowa, kept a Bible on his desk for ready reference. Once, his hands and voice quavering with emotion, he read Proverbs 20:1 aloud to his colleagues: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Some took surprising stands. "I am sure," asserted a former winner of a WCTU essay contest and dean emeritus of the state university, "that much of Mr. Churchill's ability, his courage, and his power have come from the quart of fine cognac brandy which he has enjoyed daily for many years."

As debate wore on and senators wore out, the Wets could count only twenty-five votes in the fifty-member Senate; twenty-six were needed. Linemen on the liquor team scurried about the floor promising, pressuring, and cajoling.

Finally, Leigh Curran, an unobtrusive Republican who raises cattle and is a staunch Methodist, agreed to vote for it, and the bill passed 26-24. There was a ripple of applause, a collective sigh of relief. Then Wets and Drys alike headed downtown, many to their favorite bars to toast victory or to drown defeat.

The later 68-40 vote in the lower house was an anticlimax. The old proverb "Iowa legislators vote Dry and drink Wet" was now obsolete.

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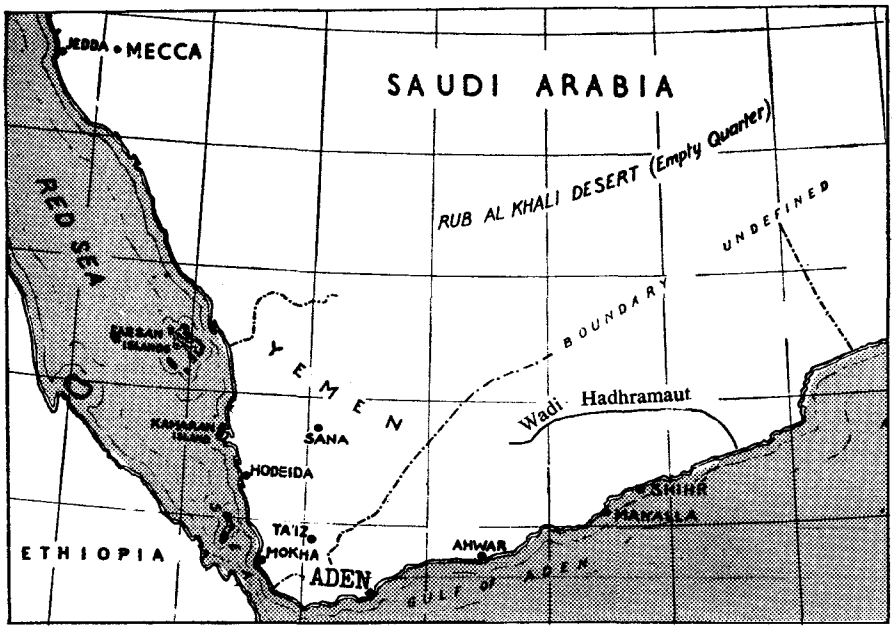

The Winds of Change In the Garden of Aden

JEANNE CONTINI

ADEN

THE FREE PORT of Aden, second largest oil bunkering station in the world, still looks as disconcertingly unnatural as when Britain took it in 1839 from South Arabian bedouins and fishermen. The city is built at the foot of forbidding volcanic rocks on a barren peninsula, partly wrested and reclaimed from the sea. There are no graceful buildings, charming cafés, or colorful costumes to beguile tourists or crewmen from the ships that put into the harbor for refueling at the rate of ten a day. Passengers spend their two hours ashore bargaining in the shabby shops and are glad to escape the moist heat when their ships depart.

Although there are Old Testament references to Aden as "Eden," the only relic of pre-Christian civilization is a terraced group of cisterns dug out of the rocks by contemporaries of the Queen of Sheba. Just below is Crater, the crowded Arab quarter, named for the volcanic depression in which it is cradled. Beyond Crater are the barracks, training areas, and airstrips of the British Middle East Command. The base covers one-third of the city, and is primarily responsible for its current prosperity.

THE BASE has increased its strategic importance since the nationalization of the Suez Canal and in view of the impending evacuation of Britain's last military force in Africa from independent Kenya. The Aden base is a conventional one, designed to put down small risings that might menace British—and often U.S.—interests in the Persian Gulf and the more immediate vicinity. It is highly unlikely that Britain will give it up willingly.

At the same time, Her Majesty's Government is pledged to bring Aden to independence as rapidly as possible. The effort to reconcile these disparate aims accounts for the highly unpopular British federation of Aden with the protectorates behind and along the coast. The protectorates, made up of thirty sultanates, amirates, and sheikdoms, have been bound to Britain by separate treaties and subsidies since the eighteenth century. Divided into the Western and Eastern Areas, they cover an area about the size of Arizona, bounded on the east by the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman, on the north and west by the Great Desert (or Empty Quarter) and Yemen.

The Yemeni border has always been a source of trouble. The Yemeni claim to South Arabia dates from a Zeidi imam's successful rebellion against the Turks in the seventeenth century, and the claim is being sustained by President Abdullah Sallal's new revolutionary régime and is supported by the United Arab Republic.

To counteract Yemeni pressure, Britain created a buffer Federation of South Arabian states in February, 1959, with six founding members. By now, all but three of the western protectorate states have joined. The continued aloofness of all five eastern protectorate sultans is attributed to their hope of striking oil in the mountains bordering the Empty Quarter and an understandable reluctance to share the proceeds.

The present Federation ministers are anxious for their eastern neighbors to come in. The easterners, known as "the Venetians of South Arabia," are noted for business acumen, sophistication, and wealth, all acquired, it is understood, through travel to India and Indonesia. There is a concerted drive to woo them from retirement in the sugar-coated palaces of the Hadhramaut and attract some of the capital they are now investing in Saudi Arabia.

City and Desert

The concept of Aden and the protectorates as a natural unit evolved into a definite plan in London last August and was carried into effect last January. The idea was extremely unpopular with the Adenis from its inception, in large measure because of the contrast between the relative development and prosperity of Aden and the backwardness of the Federation states.

Aden is the only modern city in

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South Arabia; it has at least the seeds of something approaching democratic government, with secondary schools, hospitals, libraries, electricity, water, and up-to-date communications. The city's revenue for 1961-1962 was a million pounds more than that of the whole Federation.

The protectorates are several centuries behind Aden, and have been neither prosperous nor self-supporting since the abandonment of the inland incense trade route to the East in Roman times. Ninety per cent of the sparsely settled population engage in agriculture, although only two per cent of the high plateaus and low wadi beds are fertile.

With British help, there is a single going concern, the Abyan Scheme, which irrigates about thirty thousand acres by a modern system of dams and canals controlling the seasonal floods from the mountains of Yemen. An excellent grade of cotton is cultivated by a co-operative of eighteen thousand farmers and is exported to Lancaster. It is the only significant cash crop.

Critics have justly characterized the Federation states as "medieval anachronisms." Certainly, there are no guarantees against the despotism of tribal leaders. There has been an increase in the past few years in the number of primary schools, including a few for girls—the small beginning of an effort to emancipate women from purdah. But apart from the ubiquitous transistor radio, the poverty-stricken clan existence continues almost unchanged.

When Aden ceased to be a colony and formally joined the Federation this year, Crater, the Arab heart of the city, went into mourning. Police were occupied all day removing black flags from buildings and balconies.

THE FORCE behind anti-Federation sentiment comes from the trade unions and their political organ, the People's Socialist Party. While the party is only a year old, the trade-union movement has steadily gained power since 1955, and is now the strongest single voice in Aden politics. It is anti-British and pro-Nasser, and favors eventual union with Yemen.

Abdullah Abdulmajeed Asnag, president of the People's Socialist Party and general secretary of the Aden Trades Union Congress, is described as balanced and intelligent, even by his adversaries. After the London agreement for the accession of Aden to the Federation had been signed, the trade unions organized protest demonstrations on September 24 and 26. Several demonstrators were killed and more injured when the police broke up the demonstration with tear gas. A milder and more typical form of British attempts at repression is exemplified by the two weeks' sentence meted out to Asnag in punishment for holding an unauthorized demonstration. Again in December, when union leaders were sentenced to prison on charges of disseminating seditious literature, Asnag received a year's sentence but was released four months later. Considering the heat of nationalist feeling, fanned by eighteen hours of radio propaganda from Cairo every day, the restraint on both sides has been remarkable.

Shifting Sands

The most cogent argument the unions have advanced against the Federation is that the majority of the two hundred thousand Adenis were uninformed on the issues discussed in London. Because of the extremely restrictive franchise, the unions' eighteen thousand members boycotted the 1959 elections for Aden's legislative council. As a result, only a quarter of the eligible voters went to the polls. Therefore, the unions maintain that the five Aden ministers who signed the London agreement last summer were completely unrepresentative.

One of the five, Hassan Ali Bayoomi, the forty-six-year-old chief minister and head of the United National Party, has been the leading advocate of the pro-British position. He became labor minister in 1959 after a series of strikes that threatened to cripple the port traffic, and was obliged to take responsibility for passage of the hotly opposed 1960 Industrial Relations Ordinance, which banned strikes and made it compulsory to submit disputes to arbitration. Later, as the most prominent apologist for the British federation plan, he was naturally the target of nationalist wrath.

One of the unpopular announcements Bayoomi had to make on his return from London last fall was that the elections scheduled under the constitution were to be postponed a year. The reason given was that the newly revised government needed time to discuss broadening the franchise, which at present heavily favors property owners. Actually, some progress, limited though it is, has been made toward an increased popular representation through the constitutional advance that became effective when Aden joined the Federation. In addition, a code of human rights is to be embodied in the constitution to allay Adeni fears over the lack of a corresponding Federation guarantee. Otherwise, though the governor is now the "High Commissioner," he retains full powers and responsibility for external affairs, defense, and internal security.

In support of the Federation merger, Bayoomi's party, which controls both the legislature and the council of ministers, maintains that Aden needs the hinterland as much as the Federation needs an outlet for its produce. In return for a share in the port duty income, Aden will benefit by increased trade with the Federation as a result of improved communications and the recent abolition of tariff barriers.

Local businessmen point out that there has been a sharp decline in Aden's importance as a port. Djibouti and Port Said have both improved their transport and port facilities, and there will also be added competition for bunkering from the new refinery the Russians are building at Assab in Ethiopia, just across the Strait of Bab el Mandeb. Consequently, they say, Aden must look inland for its economic future and speed up the development of light industry.

BUT Britain's costly efforts to hold the line may have come too late. The currents of unrest are already penetrating areas of the Federation where resistance to local authorities was almost unheard-of until recently. The new element in the situation is the acknowledged success of the Yemen revolution.

For years, the threat of a despotic imam has filled Adeni and protec-

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torate Arabs with horror. This fact has been a basic tenet of British policy, and was unquestionably the prime motive behind the original Federation. Now, however, President Sallal's government is making the prospect of a Greater Yemen palatable within the total context of Arab unity. The Soviet Union has followed Nasser's lead to make the most of the changed importance of Yemen, and has recently dispatched nearly a thousand military advisers to assist Sallal.

Today, Britain's identification with reaction in South Arabia is accepted as matter-of-factly as Nasser's is with Arab nationalism. Britain is losing the radio propaganda battle, which is the only one of any significance in a largely illiterate terrain where every camel driver owns a transistor set. The cultivated BBC Arabic broadcasts are no match for the high drama beamed from Cairo.

In its memorandum submitted to the U.N. Special Committee on Colonialism, which has just finished debating the Aden case, the People's Socialist Party demanded, among other things, "the evacuation of the British Military Base" and the "holding of free and impartial elections under the supervision of the United Nations and the Arab League so as to elect the true representatives of the Nation in this area in order to unite with the Yemen Arab Republic." The U.N. committee set up a subcommittee to investigate the views of the people in Aden and the protectorates, but it was denied entry by Britain on the ground that it would impede rather than assist Aden's progress to self-government.

Conceivably Her Majesty's Government might change course and follow the precedent established in India and Ghana prior to their independence: an eleventh-hour switch from the ruling princes and chiefs to the rising young political parties. If, however, Arab nationalist pressure both within and from abroad should force Britain to pull out in a hurry, the only economically viable solution for the Federation is to link itself to Yemen. In either case, it is clear that the compelling new forces of Arab nationalism cannot be ignored.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Prison of Jean Giono

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

ANDRE MALRAUX, modestly omitting his own name, said in 1945 that Georges Bernanos, Henry de Montherlant, and Jean Giono were the three greatest writers of their generation. Now Bernanos is dead. Montherlant, who has written only one novel in twenty years, must be thought of as retired. Only Jean Giono is left, writing more and more books, more and more sure of himself, of his art, and of being read.

Giono was born in Manosque, a small town in the hills of upper Provence; at sixty-eight, he lives there still in the house, a little way out of town, in which his father lived before him. For days and weeks, working away at his desk, he does not leave the house. But can one say that he is working when writing is his delight? It is because of what he calls his "sensuality" that he stays far from Paris, far from crowds, subways, factories, crowded restaurants and theatres. He wants to breathe fresh air, drink water that comes from a spring, eat vegetables out of his garden, have his farm animals and his trees where he can see and touch them. He likes to be alone, and when his solitude is broken he wants it to be broken only by men who like him are self-sufficient, withdrawn from the turmoil of events, indifferent to progress—by the "aristocrats," as he calls them. His taste for happiness stands in sharp contrast to the anxiety of our times—a revolting and avoidable form of sickness, he believes.

Perhaps he inherited this healthy attitude from his forebears: from his grandfather the Risorgimento conspirator—his father's family was Piedmontese—and from his father, a shoemaker, of whom he speaks with immense respect. "My father," he told me, "was free in a way no millionaire can be. He knew how to make a shoe, not just a part of a shoe, not just the heel or the sole of a shoe, which is all a factory worker knows how to make, but a whole shoe. Whenever he wanted to travel he would wrap his tools in a piece of coarse black cloth and start out on foot. When he ran out of money he would take his place in a village square with his tools set out in front of him and people would bring him their shoes. He traveled all over Europe that way, owing nothing to anybody, without a care in his head. He was an aristocrat, he lived the life of a lord."

In one of his first books, *Jean le Bleu,* Giono paid homage to his father: "He never broke anything in me, or tore anything, or stifled anything or rubbed anything out. With the foresight of an insect he provided the little larva that I was with remedies for the future: one day this, one day that. He gave me plants, trees, earth, men, hills, wom-

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en, grief, tenderness, pride, and all these were provisions, all these were remedies for future wounds. In advance he provided the curing salve for wounds that otherwise would have festered; for suffering which, thanks to him, has become instead like an immense sun in my life."

Giono's great regret, he told me, is that his father died without knowing that his son was a writer, a good writer. In 1916, Giono, at twenty, went to war. He spent three years in the trenches, fought at Verdun, and came back revolted by the horror and uselessness of the massacre. At twenty-five, in order to help his father, Giono took a job as bank clerk in Manosque. He stayed behind a cashier's window for seventeen years: "I like being shut up. I like prisons and monasteries. . . . I liked that cashier's window." His work did not keep him too busy. He could dream, he could polish and repolish those long cadences that he would set down on paper at the end of the day. Few writers are as regular, as punctual, as inexhaustible as Giono: "I write every morning. That is something sacred. Even the day my father died, even the day my mother died."

IT WAS Kipling's *Jungle Book* that started him. One day he chanced upon a sentence, "It was seven o'clock of a very warm evening in the hills of Senoe." He liked the sound of the words and thought he could make words sound like that.

He was poor and he kept rereading the same books: the Bible, Stendhal, Dostoevsky, Homer, Virgil. His first book was a pastoral entertainment, *Naissance de l'Odyssée.* The publishers turned it down, but it delighted André Gide. Encouraged and helped by Gide, he started the long lyric series of novels on peasant life that was to continue until 1945. He was thirty-four before he saw Paris. He never lived there; he could not leave his hills, his Provence, his habits, his freedom or his "prison"—for him the two were the same.

Colline, Un de Baumugnes, Regain, Jean le Bleu, Le Serpent d'Etoiles, Le Chant du Monde, Que Ma Joie Demeure, Batailles dans la Montagne, Triomphe de la Vie, Le Bout de la Route, La Femme du Boulanger, L'Eau Vive, Les Ames Fortes . . . the list of Giono novels in his first manner is a long one. Many of these stories were turned into films. The titles, magnificent in themselves, brought fresh air into the French literary world of the 1930's. The prewar Giono wrote lyrically about the life of the Provençal peasant, his bit of land, his animals, his strong passions. Sometimes there was a little too much lyricism. Giono was perhaps a little too isolated, too protected; he had yet to come into contact with the blind and terrifying moods of the masses. He knew only the individual. His work suffered from a sort of remoteness; its humanism seems now a little dated.

VERDUN and the First World War had made him an ardent pacifist. In 1937 he preached conscientious objection to war and a general strike if war came. In 1939 he tore mobilization posters off the walls. He was imprisoned in the Fort-Nicolas in Marseilles. Gide intervened and he was let out. At the end of the war he was again put in prison, this time as a Vichy supporter. But no specific charges were brought against him, and he was released. To be imprisoned first as an anarchist and then as a fascist changed Giono and his work. From then on he wrote as a man disappointed by humanity, who guards himself against involvement and emotion, and who takes refuge in irony. There were to be no more rural idyls.

He set to work on *Les Chroniques Romanesques.* The time is the eighteenth century and the adventures are pursued through a series of novels: *Le Hussard sur le Toit, Le Moulin de Pologne,* and *Pauline.* The style has become Stendhalian; Giono's romantic hero, Angelo, the young cavalryman, is markedly like the young Fabrice in *The Charterhouse of Parma.* He wrote a travel book on Italy in the vein of Stendhal's *Rome, Naples, and Florence* that made the affinity between the two writers even more striking. Giono has said about Stendhal's style: "There is never a useless word; nothing can be spared, there is no fat. Everything takes place on the split second, precisely when it has to . . . Stendhal is like Mozart: he is always sure . . ." Giono's postwar style has these same qualities, but in book after book (generally unavailable in English, although Knopf has published *The Horseman on the Roof* and *The Straw Man*) he has proved that he is no mere imitator of his hero Stendhal. His latest novel, *Le Désastre de Pavie,* is the heroic and absurd story of the frivolous excursion into north Italy that led to the defeat of Francis I of France at the Battle of Pavia.

"I HAVE fifty more novels to write," Giono told me, and it is a fact that he writes with greater facility and faster than ever before. After all, he has kept himself in training for half a century. But the swift pace of the novels that delights the reader masks perhaps a growing sense of emptiness: more alert and alive than ever, Giono's heroes bustle about in a world that lacks dimension. Perhaps what Giono went through at the end of the war took more away from him than his lyricism; perhaps it closed his heart to any faith in man. "Look what they're like," he said to me; "they're bloodthirsty. They love the sight of blood. Bullfights, hunting, war—if there is nothing better available, a street accident will do. And if there is nothing happening in the street, there are always the movies." As I took my leave he said: "Come back, we will go to see some peasant friends of mine who live outside our times, who know how to grow or make all they need to live by, who never have to buy anything. You would never guess that such people still exist."

They do, and he is one of them.

Metaphysical

Shadow of a squirrel, shadow of a tree—
Just as real as the shadow of thee,
The body of me.

—M. L. ROSENTHAL

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Wagner Worship in Bavaria

GLENN M. LONEY

Two of Europe's most famous opera festivals are only the proverbial stone's throw from each other. And, because the works of Richard Wagner are a staple of both the Munich and Bayreuth Festivals, some stones *were* thrown in the earlier days. Today, golden harmony seems to reign onstage and off, with artists and audiences commuting freely between the two events.

Gradually, Munich has had to give way to Bayreuth as Wagner's "Official Shrine"—Bayreuth does possess the composer's bones—and has attempted to adopt Mozart. Richard Strauss, more defensibly associated with the Bavarian capital, has also become a favorite of the Munich Festival. Such a broad base permits a variety of operas not possible at Bayreuth.

Munich is lively and cosmopolitan; Bayreuth is more like a museum. Visits to Wagner's grave, to his Villa Wahnfried, and to the Wagner Collection in a wing of the Margrave's Schloss are just as important as ceremonial attendance at the operas in the *Festspielhaus* he built on the Grüner Hügel—green hill—overlooking the charming little Franconian town. Bookstores are glutted with festival programs, special biographies, and opera scores. In the ebb and flow of Wagner, one takes little notice of historical Bayreuth: the beautiful fifteenth-century church, the rococo theatre of the Margravine Wilhelmine, unhappy sister of Frederick the Great, and the ornate buildings and gardens of the Hermitage.

On a performance day, the whole town is dominated by the festival. Early in the morning, crowds of visitors are already clambering out of the train coaches. Later in the day, the limousines of statesmen and industrialists begin to flood the flag-lined streets. Waiters in the comfortable inns rush to and fro with steaming platters of sauerbraten and potato dumplings. By afternoon, townspeople have gathered on either side of the avenue that leads to the Grüner Hügel. As the elegant vehicles pass by, police cheers greet the delighted occupants. Bayreuth is, after all, *the* place to show off—in a dignified way, of course.

Before the performance, the guests, resplendent in evening dress, stroll back and forth endlessly in the afternoon sun on the theatre terrace. A formal code of bowing and nodding is observed. Here a reporter tapes an interview with the Begum Aga Khan, a festival regular. There, some American students—tourists or members of the summer Masters Class in opera production, run by Wagner's granddaughter,

Friedelind—appear out of place among the social peacocks. In the midst of this glittering solidity are nervous little islands of impoverished patrician ladies, dressed in the shabby finery of decades before the war.

At four, when most performances begin, trumpeters appear on the balcony of the *Festspielhaus* to summon the audience with a Wagner fanfare. The audience fills the house with dignified haste. Aside from the regular rows of well-dressed, well-fed Wagnerites, the late Victorian décor of the theatre demands inspection before the house lights dim. Towering classic pillars, topped with huge clusters of globular lights, guard the exits. Down front one sees no orchestra or pit—only a low black semicircular hood that conceals the musicians and helps maintain an excellent balance between instrumental and vocal music.

As the overture swells through the theatre, renowned for its remarkable acoustics, one can feel a sharp increase of tension in the spectators. They lean forward into the rich waves of sound. When the curtain finally rises, the mood has already been created. All is murky blackness until a diffused shaft of light picks out a man standing on what appears to be an immense disk of stone. Only this figure exists for the audience. It is no longer in a theatre; it has been transported into the mythical heroic age; the drama can begin.

There are jokes about the money Wagner's grandsons, Wieland and Wolfgang, are saving on electricity by keeping the stage shrouded in darkness. But their sparing, effective use of light is one of the most striking aspects of their productions. Space is defined with light; mood is suggested. Massive and majestic movement is created as great waves of colored light sweep through the air: earth and heaven spin in space; the Valkyries ride; Valhalla bursts into vast, abstracted tongues of flame. Where Richard Wagner lavished money on what now seem ridiculous stage effects such as fantastic mechanical dragons and sedate, smug swan boats, his descendants have wisely created a new stagecraft through suggestion rather than literal representation.

Few who have seen the complete *Ring* or *Parsifal* or *Tannhäuser* can deny that the settings and lighting and the placement of the singers make what is seen at Bayreuth quite as powerful, in its own way, as what is heard. The Wagners treat their major singers like statues, leaving stage movement to the chorus or the ballet. The truth is that many singers are poor actors. At the very least, some singers, with the great gift of projecting strong emotion vocally, look like public monuments on stage and move with the ponderousness of a lumpish Golem. Obviously, fixing the singer in a beam of light and letting dancers and chorus move around him avoids many of the acting and movement problems. There is an even better

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THE REPORTER *660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, New York*

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reason for this relatively new method of staging: it heightens the power and majesty of Wagner's greatest works. In the *Ring*, it truly makes the singers become gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines.

It is an article of faith by now among passionate Wagnerites that the singers, conductors, and orchestra at Bayreuth will give a performance that can set standards anywhere. For that reason, opera stars often appear at Bayreuth for far lower fees than they could command elsewhere. Conductors such as Hans Knappertsbusch, Rudolf Kempe, and Wolfgang Sawallisch guide the performances of seasoned singers like Birgit Nilsson, Victoria de los Angeles, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, as well as those of relatively untried newcomers, often young Americans learning their art in the many opera houses of Germany. (Despite the publicized cultural "boom" in America, many highly gifted American singers can earn a living only in Europe.)

Two seasons ago, some people feared that Wieland Wagner had made a terrible mistake when he announced the casting of an American, Grace Bumbry, as Venus. Not only was she virtually unknown—especially in America—but she was also a Negro. Racists began whooping up a storm of Aryan protest. Wieland Wagner had perceived the possibility of a striking contrast between Tannhäuser's loves: Venus would be the rich, dark, warm, seductive Earth Mother, while Elizabeth would be the delicate, sweet, spiritual Mother of Heaven. Bumbry was his vision of Venus; Victoria de los Angeles his picture of Mary.

On the evening when the curtain rose finally, showing Grace Bumbry enthroned in the Venusberg, her arms extended immobile, her body swathed in yards of gold lamé, the audience stared in wonder. The faintest of lights glowed on the shining beauty of Venus's face. Here and there a fold of the glittering cloth caught the dim light. The rest was dark as night. When Bumbry's warm, rich mezzo-soprano filled the house, everyone knew Wagner had had an inspiration. The contrast with the virginal simplicity of Elizabeth gave *Tannhäuser* a new vitality and meaning. Grace Bumbry achieved European fame almost immediately. And the Bayreuth townspeople, angered at charges that they harbored racist sentiments and strongly drawn to the natural, friendly American, "adopted" her.

RICHARD WAGNER'S two grandsons bring to the annual festival, staged from late July to late August, not only a rich heritage but months of hard work. Elaborate settings are constructed in the theatre shops. Every detail is completed and checked with fantastic accuracy. Days of rehearsal precede performance. Once a new production has been mounted, it continues, usually for several years, in substantially its initial form, though modifications in settings and costumes may be introduced each succeeding summer. Since Wagner was not so prolific as some of his Italian contemporaries, new productions of the canon are frequent.

The production of the *Ring* operas is the special care of Wolfgang Wagner. His initial emphasis on the lighting and the singer as the principal ingredients of a stage picture upset confirmed Wagner conservatives, long used to conventional, literal settings and tricky mechanical devices to re-create the fantastic and miraculous. Settings for the *Ring* are simplicity itself. An immense disk, which begins to break up into segments as the tetralogy progresses, provides the stage surface. Tilting at dramatic angles, its fragments suggest the tension and destruction caused by the struggle over the accursed gold, helping to underline the music and the action. A hut, a tree, a great hall are all suggested by similar segments of disks. Misty background projections repeat the segmented circle motif.

In *The Flying Dutchman*, only a suggestion of the set's detail was brought out by the selective lighting. This refusal to flood everything with brilliant light shows restraint and wisdom. One knows, from small fringes of light, that there is a whole world beyond what is illuminated at that moment. If one actually saw all of it under stage light, it would no longer be an unseen world but merely another intricate stage setting. Of course, the remarkable effect of the ghostly ship of the Dutchman cannot be created without moody, directed lighting. Behind a deck full of dancing and singing sailors, a blood-red sail, torn and tattered, slowly looms as the phantom ship overtakes them. Only a shadowy light is allowed to fall on the apparition.

For Wagner worshipers, going to the festival is not unlike going to church. During the acts, there are *no* distractions. No one talks, not even in a whisper. No one applauds until the end of an act. There is almost, miracle of miracles, no coughing! Though performances begin in mid-afternoon sunlight, they end in darkness, owing to the passage of several long acts and hour-long intermissions. The applause is long and deafening. The union of music and drama and staging has been all that Wagner dreamed of and preached.

IN MUNICH, a half day's journey south of Bayreuth, they aren't saving pennies on electricity. Wagner, it is true, is sometimes staged with Bayreuthian murkiness, but with Mozart and Strauss as companions, a lot more light and froth is possible. Munich is also not the shrine that Bayreuth is. It is a city known for its sense of fun. Scarcely a month goes by that does not feature some excuse for mass merry-making, such as the Oktoberfest and Fasching, the carnival season, which seems to last and last and last.

Munich's musical heritage owes much to the Wittelsbach family. Their rule in Bavaria, ended by the First World War, was one of the longest in Europe, and it has left the land dotted with monuments of art: medieval, baroque, and rococo. Great collections of painting and sculpture, magnificent castles and palaces, stately churches, and impressive theatres are major royal legacies.

Two of the Wittelsbach clan stood out in the nineteenth century for their profligate patronage. Ludwig I not only lavished great sums on the beautification of Munich, making wide boulevards and building whole city sections after the Florentine and classic Greek fashions, but he also sponsored Lola Montez, a "Spanish" dancer, in his court thea-

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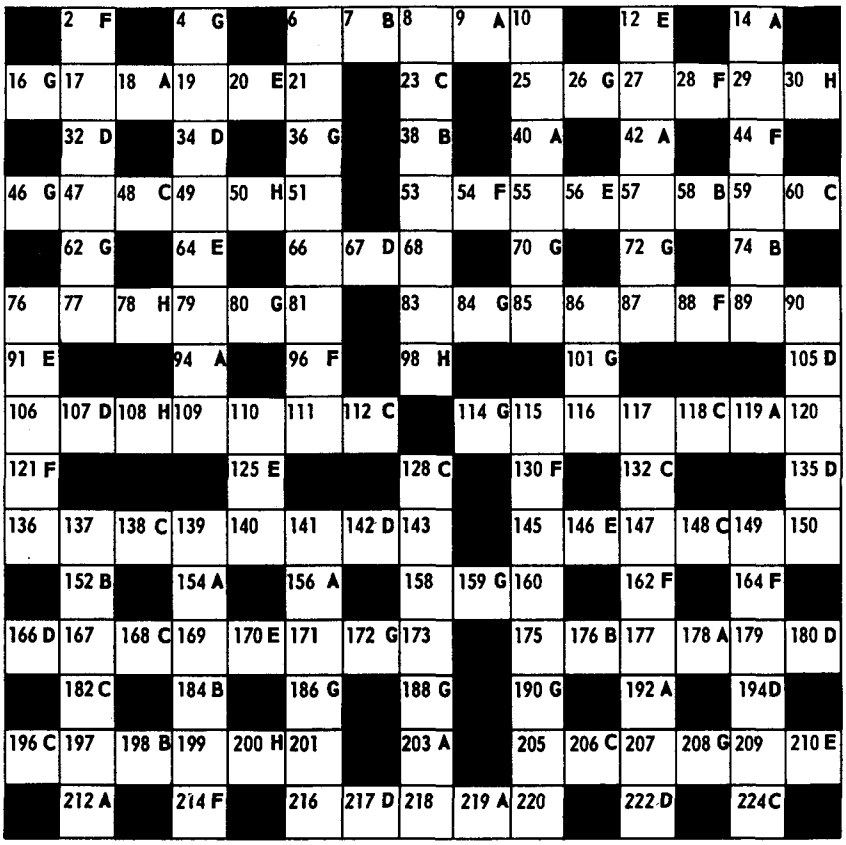
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 81

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.



A 203 42 119 18 9 14 94 156 40 212 219 192

178 154 The featured event (4, 10).

B 198 176 7 38 58 74 152 184 The inside diameter of the ring holding the object glass in an optical instrument.

C 112 48 138 148 168 196 118 128 224 60 23

206 132 182 Grain raised in part of the Congo (9, 5).

D 34 32 105 180 135 194 142 67 217 222 166

107 Kind of steps Scheherazade might have taken (7, 5).

E 125 20 12 56 64 146 170 210 91 The surgical removal of part of an organ or structure.

F 28 54 88 162 2 121 164 214 130 96 44 Many of Dickens' young heroes might be so described (8, 3).

G 62 114 172 101 80 159 84 208 188 16 36 26

190 70 72 4 186 46 Periodic dissipations (10, 8).

H 78 108 30 50 200 98 "But Thou wast up by break of day,/ And brought'st Thy ____ along with Thee." Herbert, "Easter Song."

ACROSS

6. Caress up almost all on a flower.
16. Multiply by ten initially and the soldier joins the corps de ballet.
25. Multiply by 100 secondarily and you have a realm to die for.
46. The way the editor of the evening paper looked?
53. Ye bathers, beware! And wonder, *ye French!*
66. Madison Avenue copy in glad stories but sad.
76. 'Tis sin to be so obstinate!
83. Teases ten in the storm.
106. Gotham — Fresh ham! (3, 4).
114. Two hundred to one it inflates the ego.
136. Retiring and tire-d (British).
145. Trains for this sort of tension.
158. To scratch for cut, take an s from 145 (dial.).
166. The object of argument is to look over five in the Engineers.
175. Poise sounds like a fresh fruit.
196. Former 106 ballplayers carry a sting out West now.
205. Kind of hovel when worker and animal king lie down together (4-2).
216. Eat a little in a different state.

DOWN

2. Dickens hero in a box.
4. Austerity caused by putting a blemish on the city.
6. Teardrop and prowler.
8. Pushes ahead down main thoroughfares, in short.
10. What the Acrostician was to his country's freedom.
12. The passer is tall and thin naturally.
14. The would-be actor's chance rather than the attempt thrown away (3-3).
76. Inside the tavern one shows signs of hesitation at last.
86. Humanity with you; I and thy left out!
90. Fabric from 145 across or not.
110. Bird in an orchestral suite.
115. Only the best coal makes this hurdle.
117. Like a 17th-century monarch in a song.
128. Masters make miniature rivers.
137. Bind the loving bird.
139. Devise ten about in five down.
141. A small right seen by a man of importance.
149. The man in the wrong tie is confused though he lives there.

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tre. This adventuress so seized the doting monarch's fancy that he eventually made her a countess, thereby losing his throne.

His grandson Ludwig II was no less interested in building and in the theatre. The Bavarian landscape has been handsomely decorated with his ornate castles, built at staggering expense. Midnight theatricals were also much to his taste. But even more dear to him were the operas of Richard Wagner. Sometimes called the "Mad King," Ludwig fell in love with Wagner's music-dramas long before Bayreuth was ever thought of as a festival site. His lavish patronage made possible Wagner's continued composition. Premieres of such works as *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Das Rheingold*, and *Die Walküre* were given at the Court Theatre. Here lies part of Munich's claim to Wagner.

Neu Schwanstein, Ludwig's fantastic fairy-tale castle, fairly swarms with decorations suggested by the Wagner operas. Lohengrin's swan is everywhere—even the bathroom faucets are swans in one room. At Linderhof, the king had an underground lake constructed, with covering grotto, designed, some say, for private performances of favorite arias. An elaborate swan boat still floats in the lake, and a Venusberg backdrop adorns a rocky wall. Ludwig laid plans for an elaborate Wagner Festival Theatre in Munich, but an Olympian estrangement came between Wagner and his royal supporter. The king discovered that the composer was living with Cosima von Bülow, daughter of Franz Lizst and wife of his opera conductor, Hans von Bülow. The Bavarian state treasury was also being drained by Ludwig's castle building, so the projected theatre was forgotten—but not by Wagner. After an eight-year separation, Ludwig came to Bayreuth in 1876, for rehearsals of the *Ring*, with which Wagner's new theatre was opened. And once again, the Bavarian purse was opened to help cover the deficits of the project.

Though the roots of a Munich Festival go back to 1854, it wasn't until 1893-1894, under the direction of Ernst Possart, that Munich had its own Wagner Festival. This brought arguments and imprecations from Cosima Wagner in Bayreuth, especially since Munich's productions attracted wide praise.

In 1901, a festival theatre was finished. Called the Prinzregententheater in honor of Prince Regent Luitpold, it was reminiscent of the great theatre Wagner and Ludwig, both dead, had once hoped to erect. But once again, a Wittelsbach was supporting the arts in Bavaria.

With the emergence of Richard Strauss, the repertoire at Munich was extended to give greater scope to his works and to those of Mozart and other South German composers. The early rivalry with Bayreuth disappeared. Each festival has continued to grow in fame and quality without detracting from the popularity of the other.

MUNICH'S Festival, like the city itself, is diverse. Major operas, including those of Wagner, are staged at the Prince Regent Theatre, with casts, conductors, and stagings that compare favorable with any in Europe. Intimate operas, like Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*, and von Dittersdorf's *Doctor and Apothecary*, are presented in the Old Residence Theatre, a jewel-box rococo auditorium, glittering with crystal, ivory, and polychromed gold leaf. Also scheduled are concerts in the Hercules Hall and the picturesque Fountain Court of the Residence Palace, as well as presentations in the Congress Hall of the German Museum.

Although the stagings in the Prince Regent Theatre—finally to be replaced this fall by the rebuilt National Theatre, destroyed in the Second World War bombing raids—are brilliant, the Munich productions of Wagner owe a debt to Bayreuth, while other operas show the influence of Vienna and Milan. Scenically, they are always outstanding. To the ear they may not be so exceptional, but Munich has lately made more effort to obtain the best singers. This is not easy, for although the theatres and the festival are subsidized, money does not grow on trees. Munich's August program puts it in direct competition with Bayreuth and Salzburg, not to mention a score of August festivals elsewhere.

A special delight of Munich's Festival is a chamber opera in the Old Residence Theatre. To reach it one walks from the mock-medieval City Hall, with its quaint mechanical clock, to the Residence Palace of the Wittelsbachs. This edifice, spared by Swedish conquerer Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War because it was so beautiful, did not escape allied bombs in the last war, but it has been painstakingly reconstructed from the ground up. Passing the Pfalzer Weinstube, part of the palace complex and a good place for an after-opera supper, one walks up an arcaded driveway into the Brunnenhof, or Fountain Court, and on into the various lobbies and antechambers of the theatre. Ushers with frilled lace cuffs and white stocks at their throats help give an illusion of the past; portraits of the Wittelsbachs stare down at modern intruders.

The eighteenth-century interior of the theatre is perfect for one of the festival's best-loved productions, *Cosi Fan Tutte*. Crystal chandeliers glitter in the auditorium, while modern spotlights softly illuminate a setting that colorfully and daintily re-creates the theatrical interiors and exteriors of Mozart's theatre. One almost expects to hear the brief basement rumbling of ropes and old wooden pulleys shifting new wings and drops into place. The intimacy of the beautifully compact house makes possible a delicacy and purity of tone that is exactly right for chamber opera. Every nuance is captured; every note and word is clear. Most casts in this perennial favorite get high marks for comic acting as well. They have to be amusing and lively to compete with the fantastically busy décor of the auditorium with its throngs of *putti* flying and swooping over every surface—their chubby angel faces winking and leering, as they bear fruits, garlands, trumpets, and kingly crowns, in a profusion of gold, ivory, and gleaming polychrome.

THE Bayreuth and Munich seasons are a delight on several levels of enjoyment and give the immortals of Germanic opera a setting for their works that ranks with the best of Europe's richly varied summer festival programs.

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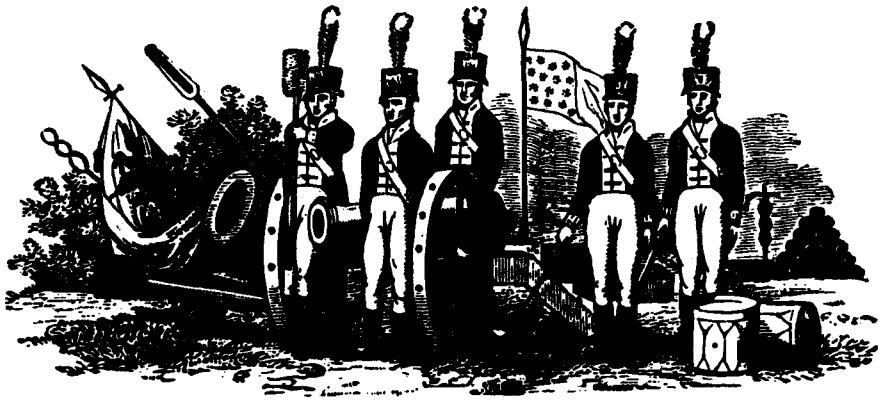
BOOKS



Elitism on the Left

KENNETH S. LYNN

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE, by Richard Hofstadter. *Knopf. $6.95.*

Marx and Mencken make a strange pair of bedfellows, but they have had, nevertheless, a curiously intimate relationship in our intellectual history. All through the 1920's the Tory from Baltimore abused left-wing artists and social theorists as enthusiastically as he did Baptist theologians. Yet when the Depression killed Mencken's authority (for what, after all, could have been more irrelevant to the mood of the early 1930's than Mencken's insistence that the proper function of the American intelligentsia was to stand on the sidelines of the national scene and jeer?), his iconoclastic spirit was kept alive by the very sort of intellectual whose politics he most despised. Thus in October, 1932, when more than half a hundred well-known writers, painters, and teachers called on the nation to vote the Communist ticket in the upcoming Presidential election, they did so in a language that was more reminiscent of the *American Mercury* than of *Das Kapital:* ". . . we reject the disorder, the lunacy spawned by grabbers, advertisers, traders, speculators, salesmen, the much-adulated, . . . stupid and irresponsible 'business men' . . ."

As Richard Hofstadter was to point out some years later in a brilliant essay called "John C. Calhoun: The Marx of the Master Class," elitist critiques of the business civilization have sometimes borne a startling resemblance to radical critiques. Those intellectuals who in 1932 hated the bourgeoisie sufficiently to urge the election of William Z. Foster as President found in Mencken's earlier attacks on the "booboisie" an invaluable arsenal of invective.

Elements of Menckenism occasionally cropped up inside the New Deal. With his patrician sense of humor, Roosevelt took a Menckenian delight in smashing the shams of middle-class culture—as for example in his famous "fellow immigrants" salute to the D.A.R. The rise of the great alphabetical agencies and of "government by experts" also engendered within the administration a certain disregard for democratic decision-making which roughly approximated Mencken's contempt for *vox populi.* But for the most part, the intellectuals of the New Deal era, both in and out of the government, felt themselves to be in basic harmony with the American majority. The estranged feelings of the 1920's were as dead as Prohibition.

Yet ever since the end of the Second World War, neo-Menckenism has been growing increasingly more evident in American thought. As in the 1920's, a postwar prosperity has proved congenial to the spread of elitist disaffection. But unlike in the earlier period, the most influential expressions of this disaffection have not come from the political Right but from radicals and liberals; not from Tories like Russell Kirk and William Buckley (whose attempts to be provocative are so unconscionably boring) but from left-wing writers like Dwight Macdonald, whose lively style—once an anti-capitalist weapon—is now employed to defend high culture against the threats of midcult and masscult; and above all from a group of remarkably able professors, most of them social scientists and historians, who take their stand somewhere within the broad spectrum of liberalism.

Of this latter group, one of the most notable figures is Richard Hofstadter of Columbia. Hofstadter remarked some years ago that the "tradition of Progressive reform is the one upon which I was reared and upon which my political sentiments were formed." He is also an ardent admirer of Adlai Stevenson, whom he has called "a politician of uncommon mind and style." Nevertheless, for the past fifteen years Hofstadter's writings have largely consisted of an assault, steadily intensifying in severity and widening in scope, on the main historical assumptions of American liberalism. In the absence of a powerful and searching critique from conservatives, he has sought to provide our liberal tradition with what he calls "self-criticism."

WHEN *The American Political Tradition,* the first of his assaults, appeared in 1948, the elitist bias of the book was so ambiguously set forth that it went entirely unremarked by reviewers. The author's introductory statement that American democracy "has been a democracy in cupidity rather than a democracy of fraternity" and the debunking essay on F.D.R. were not taken to be a farewell to New Deal assumptions about the American character, which in fact they were. No one speculated as to why the life of that anti-egalitarian egghead, John C. Calhoun, should have evoked Hofstadter's finest effort, nor

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did his contemptuous treatment of Bryan remind anyone of Mencken's compliments to the Great Commoner. An overtitled book (for it was really a collection of astringent essays with little or no connection between them), *The American Political Tradition* was justly criticized for failing to deliver what the package promised. But no one thought to suggest that the book might more appropriately have been called *Prejudices: First Series.*

The Age of Reform and *The Development of Academic Freedom in the United States* (both 1955) made Hofstadter's intent much clearer. To put it another way, these books revealed a mind in full revulsion from the populistic hysteria of McCarthyism, the religious zeal of John Foster Dulles, and the materialistic vulgarity of the age of affluence. They also revealed the effect that these phenomena had had on Hofstadter's attitude toward the use of historical materials. By a ruthless concentration on the psychological irrationality of the Populists, *The Age of Reform* produced some stunning revelations that have permanently eliminated a number of sentimentalisms (of "the people, yes" variety) from our political thinking, but in ignoring the very real economic and sociological grievances of the Western farmers in the 1890's, Hofstadter also risked the charge of scholarly irresponsibility. Although *Academic Freedom* was partly the work of a colleague, Walter P. Metzger, the same charge is applicable. The book's interesting account of the development of higher learning in America is offset by the fact that it is a brutally anachronistic narrative which reads the issue of academic freedom back into periods of history when the issue did not exist as such. In the 1950's, in sum, Hofstadter developed the habit of relating history to the morning headlines, for his primary intent was to create an elitist myth of the American past that might somehow serve as a lifeline to beleaguered intellectuals in a scary present.

In his latest work, *Anti-intellectualism in American Life*, a book that was also "conceived in response to the political and intellectual conditions of the 1950's," Hofstadter wraps the mantle of Mencken more tightly about him than ever before. That his apostolic successor should have turned out to be not only a liberal but a professor would have mightily amused the maestro of the *Mercury*, for as Hofstadter points out, "No one . . . ever poured more scorn on the American professoriat than H. L. Mencken." Yet the blithe journalist would surely have been pleased by the professor's appreciative praise of his "unique gift of mockery," and by Hofstadter's occasional resurrections of Menckenian prose—as when he likens poets who serve on faculty committees to Mencken's celebrated image of hummingbirds in *Kartoffelsuppe*.

But the sincerest form of flattery *Anti-intellectualism* pays to Mencken is in its basic thesis. The main enemies of the American mind, Hofstadter proclaims, have stemmed from three sources: populist democracy, the business mentality, and evangelical Protestantism—the very same unholy trinity that was described some forty years ago as Bryanism, Babbittry, and the Bible Belt. The sole difference between the two listings is that only one of them is intentionally outrageous.

There is considerable evidence, to be sure, that Hofstadter feels uneasy about the historical worth of his latest book. In his prefatory note, he is at pains to state, "this work is by no means a formal history but largely a personal book," and he acknowledges that he has developed the theme in a "rather impulsive" and "only fragmentary" manner; a few pages later, suddenly conscience-stricken by the thought that anti-intellectualism is not exclusively an American phenomenon, he ruefully admits, "this is not, as it perhaps should be, a comparative study." Hoping possibly to deflect accusations of anachronism, he himself voices doubts on whether his theme is "a historical subject" at all. Above all, he is anxious that his historical imagination not be judged simplistic. "I do not suffer," he declares, "from the delusion that the complexities of American history can be satisfactorily reduced to a running battle between the eggheads and the fatheads." And he is quite aware—so he assures us—that his study is by no means a balanced assessment of our culture, any more than "a history of bankruptcies could be taken as a full history of our business life." Seldom if ever in American historiography has a book begun so apologetically.

In the four hundred pages that follow, obscurantism holds sway. As has never before been true of Hofstadter, his mythmaking urge dominates his narrative to the point where he has very little to say to the reader who turns to history for information rather than for parables. In his discussion of the Great Awakening of the 1730's and 1740's, for example, he rehearses a familiar story of how the flaming emotionalism of the revivals threatened the historic Puritan ideal of an educated ministry, but his horror at the intellectual wreckage created by Senator Joe McCarthy's "revival" tempts him into lurid distortions of what the passionate outbursts of the mid-eighteenth century really signified. While Hofstadter grudgingly admits that the evangelical movement "did not have an unambiguously bad effect on intellect and learning," he creates the impression that educational institutions like Princeton, Brown, and Dartmouth were established not as a consequence of the marvelous cultural vitality that was unleashed by the spiritual passion of the revivals but because a narrow-minded factionalism required indoctrination centers for the young. (When he comes to the nineteenth-century revivals, Hofstadter explains away the evangelists' incorrigible impulse to found colleges as status consciousness.) His portraits of the Awakening's leaders are largely exercises in verbal trickery. Since it would be virtually impossible to argue that the mighty mind of Jonathan Edwards was even incipiently anti-intellectual, Hofstadter disposes of him by suggesting that Edwards was not a typical leader and by implying that his influence was largely restricted to "the town of Northampton and the surrounding country." With the idol of thousands of New Englanders safely relegated to oblivion, Hofstadter runs roughshod over Edwards's lesser contemporaries. Gilbert Ten-

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nent, to cite only one example, is dismissed as one of the "lesser tub-thumpers and foot-stampers," yet five pages later—in perfect illustration of his general strategy of being careful to bandage whomever he has most recklessly cut down—Hofstadter himself gives the lie to this description by declaring that Tennent was "not the ignorant lout that has often been pictured." In his eagerness to do battle with American demagogues, Hofstadter unfortunately adopts some of their most unattractive methods.

THE DEFICIENCIES of *Anti-intellectualism* multiply as the focus shifts to the opponents of revivalism. Although in his opening apology Hofstadter denies being so hopelessly confused as to identify intellectualism with rationalism, this is precisely what he does. Thus the Reverend Charles Chauncy's well-bred abhorrence of mob "enthusiasm" is made to seem an intellectual virtue. Surely, however, it was the cautious and corpse-cold mind of Chauncy, whose theological "reasonableness" lent a covert endorsement to the crass commercialism of the age, that symbolized the most potent enemy of intellectual freedom—in its highest and truest sense—in eighteenth-century America.

Because he fails to understand how a rationalistic and prudential theology dovetailed with the conservative politics of the merchant class, Hofstadter is powerless to explain the election of 1800. By the logic of the chapters on revivalism, it should have been the tub-thumpers and the foot-stampers who excoriated Jefferson for the sin of thinking, and it should have been the intellectual heirs of Chauncy who defended the unfettered life of the mind. In fact, the reverse was true. Federalists like Fisher Ames, who exalted "men of practical sense," were as fearful of Jefferson's bold ideas as Chauncy had been of Edwards's. In New England, political support for the most intellectual candidate for the Presidency in all of American history came largely from the revivalist sects. With his theory about patricians and Populists coming apart at the seams in its first political test case, Hofstadter condemns the mud-slinging of the Federalists as a "treason" (whereas they actually behaved in perfect consistency with their historic animus against visionaries), helplessly dismisses the political behavior of the revivalists as "curious," and moves on in search of less baffling elections.

When he reaches Jacksonian America, everything suddenly becomes miraculously clear: "Just as the evangelicals repudiated a learned religion and a formally constituted clergy in favor of the wisdom of the heart and direct access to God, so did advocates of egalitarian politics propose to dispense with trained leadership in favor of the native practical sense of the ordinary man with its direct access to truth."

As clear as mud, that is, for Orestes Brownson, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, James Fenimore Cooper, Nathaniel Hawthorne, James Kirke Paulding, Walt Whitman, and many lesser writers and intellectuals identified themselves with Jacksonism. How could they have done this to themselves, when the egalitarian Democracy was supposedly so hostile to eggheads? More importantly, how could they have done this to Richard Hofstadter? Once again, inky clouds of words shoot out to obscure the facts—"The support of such men was welcomed in Jacksonian ranks, and was sometimes greeted with pride, but on the whole, intellectuals were not accorded much recognition or celebrity"—and, like the cuttlefish, the historian scoots away into the ever-promising future.

FINALLY, after many more narrow escapes, he reaches the 1950's—where he really has been all along. Even here, however, on home grounds, his analysis of the alienation and conformity patterns of the modern intellectual is vastly unsatisfactory. He begins with a lengthy discussion of a symposium conducted a few years ago in the *Partisan Review*, a periodical he describes as "a kind of house organ of the American intellectual community." The intense parochialism of that description is precisely what ails the entire analysis. In his view of the contemporary American scene as in his view of the American past, Hofstadter sees the preoccupations of a very special cross-section of the na-

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Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #80

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A	■	E	■	■	■	A	■	R	■	■	■	S	■	E
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Acrostician—

U THANT

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DO YOU KNOW that there are still 100,000 refugees of the Spanish Civil War living in France?

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In October 1961, Spanish Refugee Aid (founded 9 years ago) opened the

FOYER PABLO CASALS

in Montauban, France, named after its Honorary Chairman. This center for old Spaniards has provided clothing and monthly food packages, cash for winter fuel and friendly, comfortable surroundings in which 150 refugees over the age of 60 can keep warm, meet their friends, read, listen to music and TV. The Foyer helps people like Pedro G., who is 69 and lives on $12 a month, his French Government pension. $100 will assist a couple for a year, $25 will help one old man or woman through the hard winter months.

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tional intelligentsia writ very large indeed.

If he could ever break through his provincial prejudices into broader and deeper formulations of elitism, Hofstadter might conceivably become our first Mill rather than merely our second Mencken, for he is a brilliant and dedicated man who is deeply concerned about the quality of our civilization. But until such time as he does achieve that breakthrough, he will never succeed in providing American liberalism with the penetrating self-criticism he rightly believes it needs. «»

Neo-Beat

NAT HENTOFF

THE MESSENGER, by Charles Wright. *Farrar, Straus. $3.95.*

Following the decline of Jack Kerouac and his genre of misty disaffiliation, there has been less talk recently about the Beats. Still among us, however, are those who reject the "square" world. They prefer to subsist on the periphery of society rather than commit themselves to full-time upward mobility, with—by their criteria—its debatable rewards and chronic compromises.

In his first novel, Charles Wright speaks for one such outsider. His protagonist, Charles Stevenson, is apparently not greatly different in background and attitude from the author himself. Stevenson is a messenger only in order to eat and pay his rent. For the rest of the time, he wanders—more as an observer than as a participant—through intersecting demi-mondes. Most of his acquaintances are homosexuals, prostitutes, and con men. The messenger has writing aspirations; but in his twenty-ninth year, he is a transient in New York with no specific goal except to move on somewhere else. He stands, as he puts it, "at a distance from life."

Unlike Kerouac and his boyish emulators, Wright views the microcosms of the disaffiliated with a total lack of sentimentality. The fact that the messenger and his associates scorn middle-class values has brought them few positive satisfactions. The messenger himself is acutely lonely. ("Anything is better than being aware of your own breathing.") He also has no illusions about the ways in which his fellow dissidents cozen themselves into poses of joyousness.

Hardly anyone he knows, in bleak fact, is really honest, and that realization is the cold core of *The Messenger*. He admits this condition, common to both squares and hipsters, without self-pity or self-righteousness. His defensive stance is ironic, but he can be surprised into acknowledging his own vulnerability. There is, for example, a spare, painfully direct description of a Puerto Rican woman whose drunken husband has smashed their month-old son against the wall. The messenger cannot help but respond with compassion, but then he walks away; there is nothing he can do for her.

The messenger is a Negro; and inevitably he has to confront dimensions of hypocrisy and guilt that white drifters are spared. Yet the messenger's color is only part of the reason for his detachment. Looking at a crowd of office workers, he sees "my people too, like dark dots in a white field"; and he recognizes that "I could become one of the horde, despite the fact that I am Negro." But his conception of meaningful living calls for more than getting "a soft, white-collar job, save the coins, marry, and all in the name of middle-class sanctity."

The messenger does not yet know, however, what it is he *does* want. He tries to force himself into a posture of not allowing himself to care what becomes of him. ("The sin is believing, hoping. But I am too tired, too afraid now to commit this sin.") Nonetheless, there is enough hope in Stevenson-Wright to have produced a book and to drive the messenger at its end to get a bus ticket to Mexico.

Charles Wright may not yet have "found" himself, but he has an advantage over the more self-adulatory Beats in that he knows who he is not. As a writer, he has developed a deceptively simple style that is clearly the result of honest distillation of experience and hard-won craftsmanship. And in this discipline itself there is a kind of commitment.

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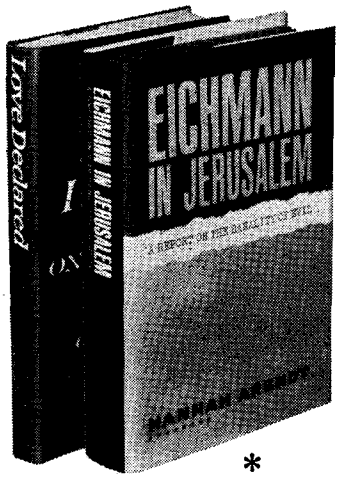

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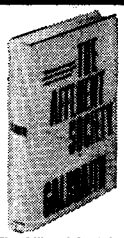

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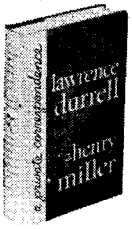

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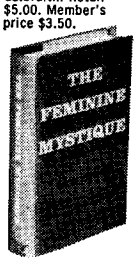

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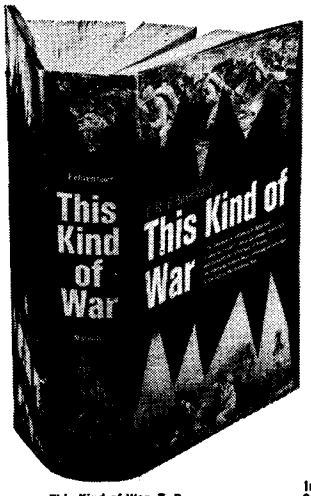

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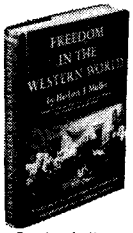

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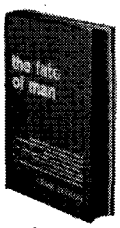

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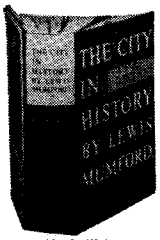

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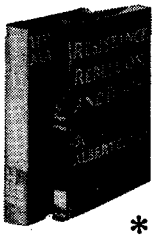

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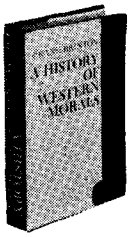

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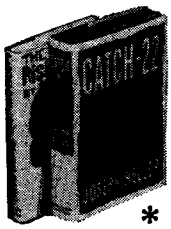

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